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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Notes of a Rapid Reader

ADAM AND EVE. By *John Erskine.*

PROFESSOR ERSKINE'S three books of heroic dialogue would all have been burned in Puritan days, and violently disapproved of by Queen Victoria. She would very distinctly not have been amused. One remembers that in the latter years of her reign, "Vanity Fair" was called cynical. The villains of these books are all reformers; the heroines, ladies of what used to be called "easy," but now "natural," virtue. The same public that bought "The Story of Philosophy" buys "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Adam and Eve." It suspects that philosophy can tell it some things about human nature that are not explained in the newspapers.

Only very "hard-boiled" or very "soft-boiled" people should read Professor Erskine's books. The first will find nothing to disturb their own prejudices, and the second will be curdled to their own good. But other readers are likely to have their mental pockets picked. Scholars who publish best sellers need watching for they have more brains than ordinary writers, and hence more persuasiveness.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By *Willa Cather.*

Miss Cather is growing restless in the old forms. The novel irks her. First she tried the *nouvelle,* or long short story, and wrote a masterpiece in "A Lost Lady;" then she built "The Professor's House" according to the structure of a concerto; now, for the "Archbishop," she chooses the method of chronicle history. Instead of providing suspense and a climax, she depends, like history, upon interest in men and events. It is the honester way, if you can succeed with it. She has.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By *Margaret Kennedy.*

Generally felt to be inferior to "The Constant Nymph." And so it is—and so are many books. This second important novel by Miss Kennedy proves that she is a novelist, not just a flash of genius made up of luck and a good memory. It has fabric, structure, depth. The twins are rare creatures, and although apparently she made a biological error and gave them qualities that belong only to twins of the same sex (unless indeed she means that they *were,* substantially, of the same sex), that makes little difference. What the book lacks is a character as poignant as Tessa, and a background as amusing as Sanger's circus.

JOSEPH CONRAD: LIFE AND LETTERS. By *G. Jean-Aubry.*

Strange correspondence of a genius who could not ever believe that he had arrived—who, to the end, sees himself as a sea captain trying to be a writer, a Pole endeavoring to be an Englishman.

GALLIONS REACH. By *H. M. Tomlinson.*

A novelist weaves a tight fabric which will hold, when done, a complete story and all its characters. But suppose the part is more interesting than the whole! Suppose that you are skeptical of wholes, and believe that going down by night to the sea and a ship (see the opening of "Gallions Reach") may be enough to set one reflecting on the sky, the earth, and the waters between! Tomlinson is not a novelist, but a great artist in prose, a great maker of narrative, who is not yet fully appreciated because we expect him to do the conventional thing—write a long story with a plot to it. He never will with complete success. But how many novels of the year when "The Sea and the Jungle" was published have worn as well?

Winter Day

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

GRAY misty world of snow
Where fluttering to and fro
The clear frost-petals fly
Under a leaden sky—
Into your mists I seem to pass
Through the protecting glass,
And seem myself a snowflake, hurled
By wild winds up and down the world—
Asking of this short hour
Nothing except to feel that power
Which sustains snowflakes till in the end they must
Fall down to dust,
Having swept half the heavens: I ask no more:
Others have asked a greater gift before,
And yet, for all their pleading, rest not now
Gem-like on any winter-sacred bough.

This Week

"Genius and Character." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
"Notable British Trials." Reviewed by *Edmund Lester Pearson.*
"Up the Years from Bloomsbury." Reviewed by *J. Ranken Towse.*
"Trinc" and "The Tall Men." Reviewed by *Stephen Vincent Benét.*
"The Human Body." Reviewed by *Percy G. Stiles.*
"Dreams." Reviewed by *Joseph Jastrow.*
"Tombstone." Reviewed by *Bernard De Voto.*
"Translations from the Chinese." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*
"The White Man's Dilemma." Reviewed by *Henry Kittredge Norton.*
"The Plough and the Stars." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*
"Black Stream." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*
Salutation. By *T. S. Eliot.*
The Folder. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Case of Julien Green. By *Abel Chevalley.*

NOTE IN GENERAL.

If you want fiction, go to the writers of biographies. They are novelizing history, and soon the life of every interesting figure, from Burns and Shelley to Queen Victoria and Calamity Jane, will have a rise, a climax, and a dénouement, like "David Copperfield" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." If you must have history, go to the journalists, who have locked the historians in their filing cases and run off with their clothes. Or to the novelists, who are the only writers that can now be counted upon to give a documented, yet imaginative, picture of the present or the past.

The Younger Generation

By FRANK SWINNERTON

A NOVELIST (name, sex, and nationality unstated) is advertising daily in the London *Times* for a press publicity agent; and a lady has just attempted to commit suicide in London because her first novel has been rejected by a firm of publishers. These two facts, taken together, form an illustration of the change which, in the years following the War, has come over what may be called the literary life. They are very significant.

In older days, if we are to believe the treasured legends of biography, authors had the fine free habit of starving. This habit they indulged cheerfully, because they had embraced a precarious and a despised craft and because they accepted the consequences of their choice. Very few of them committed suicide. Hardly any, indeed; for death by slow starvation is not, strictly speaking, *felo de se,* and a fast is oftentimes beneficial to health. Moreover, fasting and labor, they felt, might perhaps, one day in the dim future, lead to fame. It was a distant and a difficult goal; but thought of it sweetened much suffering. So much for the past that is legendary.

Even within living memory, a man or woman who failed in literature seldom proceeded to extremities. He or she turned to some other calling which might produce a livelihood; the impulse to scribble the days away died naturally; and aspiration lapsed. Or it revived, and in later, maturer years the baffled genius became again active, with results in proportion to his originality, his skill, and the taste of the public. In those days, however, writers wrote because they had something to say, a story to tell in verse or prose, a philosophy to impart, a vision to reveal. They believed, moreover, that if what they wrote was good it would find its own way to the world's heart. Times have changed. Literature is no longer a labor of love. It is a fashion; and it is a career.

* * *

One reason for this change is that while robust young Englishmen were away fighting the world's battles in the great War, literature fell into the hands of the theorists. The theorists had a splendid time, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, because there is nothing a theorist so much despises as an accepted practice. And they did their utmost to apply to literature the jargon which they had already picked up for the criticism of painting and music, as well as the jargon used in that particularly stupid and fanciful hobby of the pretentious, psychoanalysis.

The theorists were successful. As infectious germs leap triumphantly into the human system when that system is suffering from exhaustion, so theorists have most power when the world or any part of it is prostrate. The post-War struggles of the young have been struggles with infectious germs; for the result of this capture of art and literature by the esthetic theorists and the experts in neuroticism has been the sterilization of art and literature. Just as in painting the young artist has been trying to approximate to the first scribblings of savages, so the young author has been led to give way to eccentricity, pretentious silliness, insincerity, and the humor of the latrine. Upon one side there has been a sophisticated dread of the commonplace; upon the other side a purely intellectual (not imaginative) effort to find significance in the babblings of the cretin and the moron. All in obedience to esthetic theory; all the product of creative sterility. And the struggle has made young writers and artists

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self-conscious to a degree which would be considered ludicrous if it were not such bad manners nowadays to laugh at the amateurish and the puerile.

We have had since the War a succession of experiments in form, ranging from the weak little sketch masquerading as a Chekhovian short-story, and the irregularly chopped lengths of prose which saved our young poets the pains of rhyming and were called "free-verse," to pure gibberish and the undigested catalogues of sensations and sensitivenesses which have been described as great novels. The superficial characteristic common to all these forms is their self-consciousness. The essential characteristic of them all is their meaninglessness. They get nowhere.

Nevertheless, the writers of such contemporary works are persuaded that pure art, pure truth, can be conveyed without the labor incident to invention. An invented story such as the old novelists, poets, and dramatists told is beyond the power of the young writers of the present moment. They would rather be satirical at the expense of their friends and benefactors; they would rather trickle out a hundred or a thousand or a hundred thousand words of pretentious futility, than be at the pains of constructing anything so vulgar as a coherent story. For them the story is as out-moded as Frith's "Derby Day," or that picture, the painter of which I have forgotten, which was once so popular under the name of "The Hopeless Dawn." Secure in their formulæ, they smile superciliously upon a world which has not reached their intellectual eminence. There is something, they tell us, called "The Younger Generation," which is taking charge of the esthetic future. "The Younger Generation" is rich, experimental, fearless, and imposing. It is revolutionizing Art.

And yet . . . And yet it seems to me that I see in this confidence a flaw, an almost defensive aggressiveness, the slight tremor of the youthful impresario, who says, "Oh, you're not supposed to look at that! It's not finished yet." Am I wrong, or is there some lack in the young of something which may be called moral stamina? The lady whose book was rejected, for example, can she ever have taken to heart the now-despised poet's words about that

> One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake?

Did it ever occur to her that her book needed revision, or that she had sent it to the wrong publisher, or that her talent lay in another direction? Apparently not. Like Charles Lamb's play, "Mr. H.," she was damned by a single hiss. Similarly, has the novelist who requires a press agent no real confidence in his own ability to create a reputation by normal means? Does he think that the public has to be managed and cajoled into supporting a genius? Or is it perhaps just that he cannot wait for fame? That he is impatient of the reputation that comes slowly by way of good work?

If he thinks this, it is possible that he is not alone, for I notice a similar weakness in the behavior of many of those who so bravely speak of "the Younger Generation." They band themselves together—it is always a bad sign. They praise each other's works. They are easily discouraged and annoyed. Only favorable things may be written or said of them. An adverse criticism, and either they are crushed or their blood is aflame. The gas-jet or the poisoned chalice opens a way to oblivion for the crushed, and the correspondence columns of the offending journal are seared with frantic insults from the affronted. A foul injustice has been done, not only to the individual, but to the whole of that Generation which is putting every other generation in its proper place.

Such sensitiveness to criticism is no indication of genuine self-confidence. On the contrary, it is proof of a very dangerous and regrettable element in the constitution of the doctrinaire young. The young man who cares first of all for his *work* can afford to disregard adverse comment. But the young man who is bent upon cutting a figure in the world thinks less of the work than of the effect which it is to produce. It is the second young man who is desirous of obtaining press publicity, who resents criticism, who engages in leagues with others of his own age and styles his league "the Younger Generation." The first young man devotes himself to the task of producing work which shall endure even adverse comment. Which is the wiser of the two? Which is the more likely to stand comparison with the great writers of the past? The young person who advertises for a press agent is evidently bent upon extensive publicity. We have no assurance that he deserves it. The would-be suicidal young lady is to be assisted by the benevolent magistrate; but we have not been allowed to read the report which led the publishers to reject her book. In each case it is the writer rather than the work that fills the picture. It is the writer who has been rebuffed, not the great book which has been refused. It is the writer who is to receive publicity, and not the immortal work of his pen.

The truth is that the young of the present day are too much occupied with themselves. Never before has Narcissism reached such a pitch as it has done today. The novels written by these young novelists and esthetes are about young novelists and esthetes who write novels about young novelists and esthetes; the plays are all about amoral damsels who get drunk and remove their clothing for the purpose of arousing the amorous desires of young playwrights and esthetes; the poems are all collections of fastidiously-chosen but not very intelligible words about the poets themselves, their thoughts and feelings, and those who have offended them. There is no creation, no imaginative effort, nothing but a series of self-portraits, self-studies, self-defences. We never leave the stuffy little studios of the esthetes, which seem to the esthetes themselves to constitute all of the world that is worthy of artistic treatment. The young writers are absorbed, not in the job of doing good work, but in themselves, their enemies, and the problem of their own success.

* * *

Now in life there is no real substitute for work, and in literature and art there is no substitute for creative imagination. And the attempt to make works of art out of esthetic formulæ is a futile attempt. One could as easily make a rose according to rule. Nor can the artist create unless he is single-minded. Whether he is thinking, therefore, of his formulæ or his career, the esthetic is equally incapable of making a work of art, because a work of art results only from the complete absorption of the artist in his own invention. Moreover, easy fame is as useless to the artist as it is alluring to the conscious or unconscious charlatan. If there is indeed something which can be called "the Younger Generation"—it is very questionable,—those members of it who have talent will discover before long that publicity, stunts, and formulæ never have produced and never can produce the genuine article. Imitation works of art, built according to plan, are no more than curious oddities, like waxen or paper flowers; and esthetic booms are like every other kind of boom—they come to an end, with discredit to all who have been concerned in them. The young writers who at present are in love with themselves, and who are using all sorts of devices for making their names familiar to the public, will gradually learn that they have become a nuisance. Either they will realize in time that they must work and create, as the great writers of the past have done, or, with the rest of "the Younger Generation," they will be overwhelmed with ridicule and carried into that dreadful purgatory of the ambitious, oblivion.

Portraits

GENIUS AND CHARACTER. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Kenneth Burke. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by Arthur W. Colton

ONE hears much of "the new biography," of portraiture in place of the narrated lives, but so far as the practice of Mr. Bradford and Mr. Ludwig goes, it belong to an ancient and honorable tradition. Plutarch has inspired many generations to do the same, if haply it were possible. But the effort is after the personality of the man rather than his value or effect on the world of his time and after him. Therein a biographical essay by Messrs. Bradford or Strachey or Ludwig on—let us say—Burke or Bismarck or Burr, would differ of course from one by Macaulay or Lord Morley. It is more an effort of creative imagination in handling the same materials, and less of record and outlook.

But the ultimate values are still personal to the writer. Mr. Ludwig's portraits of Germans are his best, as one would expect they would be. He understands the Goethean problem better than he understands the Shakespearian. His Wilson is lamentable. It is a dialogue between Wilson and Washington that does not come within recognition distance of either of them. His Voltaire is not very interesting, though, on the other hand, his Balzac is. His Rhodes is not bad, but his Von Stein is admirable. His parallel of Byron and Lassalle is strained. He is not very successful with these "stunts."

Mr. Ludwig is not as subtle as Mr. Strachey, or as well balanced as Mr. Bradford, but he is brilliant and vivid, and never smart or impertinent—the pitfalls into which so much recent biography has fallen. He has been more than fortunate in his translator.

Murder au Fait

By Edmund Lester Pearson

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM THORNTON (1817). Edited by Sir John Hall, Bt. New York: The John Day Co. 1927. $3.50.

TRIAL OF MRS. MAYBRICK (1889). Edited by H. B. Irving. The same.

BURKE AND HARE. (1828). Edited by William Roughead. The same.

TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH. (1857). Edited by F. Tennyson Jesse. The same.

TRIAL OF OSCAR SLATER. (1909). Edited by William Roughead. The same.

TRIAL OF HERBERT ROWSE ARMSTRONG. (1922). Edited by Filson Young. The same.

(All in the Notable British Trials Series, under the general editorship of Harry Hodge.)

Reviewed by Edmund Pearson
Author of "Murder at Smutty Nose"

THERE was a May morning, and a stile in a meadow. It was very early,—before three o'clock—but as the country was England, it was surely broad daylight. On the stile sat talking a young man and a girl. They were still lingering on their way home, and had been loitering through the fields and lanes since midnight, at which prudent hour they had left a country dance. The girl was very pretty; a little less than twenty years old. The man was four years older, rather stout, heavy-featured, and a little awkward. In the manner of his time—a mode briefly revived two or three years ago—he wore closely cropped side-whiskers near his ears.

His clothes, to use a novelist's phrase, were those of "a young buck of the Regency," and to the intelligent readers of the *Saturday Review* I do not need to describe what they were. This is lucky, for I do not know myself. He may have worn boots and "small-clothes," but as he had been to a dance they might have been pantaloons and shoes. The date was only two years after Waterloo, so the pantaloons are doubtful. It is possible to be precise about the girl's costume: a white "spencer," a white muslin dress, a dimity petticoat, white shoes and stockings, a straw bonnet with yellow ribbons.

There on the stile they sat and talked; apparently innocent, certainly obscure and humble folk; dwellers in a tiny village, who had just attended a dance at a little rustic tavern. Another guest, who had been seeing his sweetheart to her home, passed them, and said "good-morning." The man replied; the girl hung her head, and concealed her face under her bonnet.

Since we hear so much about the evil conduct of young people today; about flappers and their boy-friends; and about unchaperoned dances at road-houses, it is instructive to consider this couple, sitting on a stile in the days when our great-grandmothers were young, and when—so we are told—loose conduct was simply impossible. Young Abraham Thornton did not own a motor-car, to facilitate mischief; nor did Mary Ashford carry a pocket flask of gin to promote flirtation. There had, however, been beer at the dance, and Thornton probably took his share. That night he had seen Mary for the first time, so there is something almost shockingly modern about the rapidity of their acquaintance. The stately courtesy of more ceremonious days seems to have been mysteriously absent. It is said—although he denied it—that on seeing her, and being struck with her beauty, he made a

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rude and highly improper remark about his intentions toward her, coupled with a boast about his conquest of her sister. At all events, they danced together, and with another couple at midnight left *The Three Tuns*, the place of the party, and walked along the London and Chester road, passing another tavern, pleasantly named the *Old Cuckoo*. A short distance beyond, the party dwindled, while Thornton and Miss Ashford were left during the remaining hours of darkness, to their own devices. These were not to say a *pater noster*, nor was the girl's conduct that of an "elegant female" within the definition of Mr. Collins in the recently published novel, "Pride and Prejudice."

* * *

It is one of the peculiarities of a celebrated murder trial that it suddenly lifts obscure folk into the most astonishing prominence, and one of its fascinations that it makes trifling incidents both important and interesting. A notorious murder will put an entire community under a magnifying glass, as, according to Hawthorne, the novels of Trollope did to the English countryside. Mary Ashford and Abraham Thornton, sitting on their stile, were the most commonplace pair, but their adventures in the next hour were to amaze the world, to alter the law of England, to confuse judges and other great men, to furnish subjects for learned treatises, moral discourses, and tragedies for the stage. Sir John Hall, in compiling this account of the case, found thirty-three items for his bibliography, sermons, plays, stories, and legal articles. After more than a hundred years, after all this discussion and writing and after a Lord Chief Justice and other great lawyers had taken a look at it, even today it is not known what happened during the rest of that spring morning.

Of this we are sure. At four o'clock Mary Ashford returned alone and in good spirits to the home of her friend—the girl with whom she had left the dance—and changed most of her evening clothes for her workaday dress. Then she set out afoot for her own village. Three or four hours later her bonnet, her bundle, and her white shoes were found on the edge of a deep pool, in a field a mile distant. The pool was dragged and the girl's dead body recovered from the water. Nearby there were foot prints—supposed to be Thornton's —there was blood, and also signs, it was alleged, of a pursuit and a struggle. Thornton was arrested. Public sentiment was furious against him. He made no denial of some of the facts, nor of the amorous episodes of the night, but maintained his innocence of any crime. On his trial he completely established his innocence, to the satisfaction of both judge and jury. They acquitted him in six minutes. By a number of reliable witnesses, who had met him on his way home, he proved that he was far from the scene of Mary Ashford's death. Sir John Hall says that of his innocence there cannot be "a shadow of a doubt."

Poor Mary Ashford may have met somebody else who attacked and murdered her, or she may have committed suicide. Both are most unlikely. The probable explanation of her death is simple. She was tired and faint, and had had but little food for twenty-four hours. She stopped at the pool to rest and refresh herself. Her foot slipped on the steep edge of the bank and she was drowned.

* * *

Thornton's troubles were not ended with his acquittal. Public feeling was still strong—and ill-formed—against him, and a way was found to bring him again into Court. The "appeal of murder" was not yet removed from the statutes; an heir of a murdered person, dissatisfied with a verdict of acquittal, could sue to make the accused again answer for his crime. This was done, and Thornton was once more put in prison. His lawyers, however, found a complete, satisfactory, and delightfully humorous answer to this antiquated bit of persecution. The man arrested on "appeal of murder" had the right of the "wage of battle," —he could demand that the appellant fight him "in lists sixty feet square," and if he killed the appellant, or could maintain the fight from sunrise to sunset, he was to be acquitted.

Now, Mary Ashford's heir was a cousin, a feeble young man, and not at all likely to prevail against burly Abraham Thornton. The latter, when the case was called, pleaded "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same with my body." He thereupon threw a gauntlet upon the floor of the Court, in token of his challenge. The Ashford champion did not take it up; he did not even appear to admit his recreancy, and Thornton was forever acquitted. His neighbors were still against him however, and he was forced to emigrate to America.

I have heard that the "wage of battle" has been invoked in our own time, in Pennsylvania. A man proceeded against, in a civil suit by a Y. M. C. A. Secretary, dared the plaintiff to the lists. The law was hastily consulted, and it was found that Pennsylvania had indeed neglected to repeal this ancient law. The defendant's attorneys instructed the Y. M. C. A. Secretary, that before entering upon the combat both contestants would be expected to take the prescribed oath that no spell had been laid upon their weapons, nor had sorcery or witchcraft been employed to protect the fighters. The Y. M. C. A. man adopted the course of Mary Ashford's cousin; he discreetly abandoned his suit. And the state of Pennsylvania repealed the "wage of battle" exactly as England revoked that law, as well as the "appeal of murder," soon after the Thornton case was ended.

The "Trial of Abraham Thornton" is one of the volumes in the Notable British Trials series, now in process of American publication by The John Day Company. Six volumes of this amazing set of books have already appeared in this country; another half dozen are scheduled for next spring, and so on, until the forty odd which at present comprise the set, have been published here. New items are coming out, one or two a year; and

Cover design for "Tombstone," by Walter Noble Burns (Doubleday, Page)

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the set ranges in time from the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, to that of Major Armstrong, who was executed in 1922. With seven or eight exceptions, they are trials for murder. Each case has a substantial volume to itself. The method is to give a condensed report of the trial (even this condensation sometimes runs to 300 pages) introduced by a history of the case written by the editor of each volume. The editors are distinguished amateurs of criminology, lawyers, or authors, including such persons as Andrew Lang, H. B. Irving, Filson Young, W. Teignmouth Shore, and Eric R. Watson. Some of the editors, J. B. Atlay and H. B. Irving, have died, and their places are being filled by younger enthusiasts on this subject,—as, for instance, Miss Tennyson Jesse and Sir John Hall. About eight of these trials have been edited by William Roughead, whose work is widely known in America. His "Burke and Hare" in the present group, and "Jessie M'Lachlan" (not yet published in America) represent the high water mark in a series in which it is hard to choose favorites.

Even if one does not care to read all the pages of testimony in the report of the trial, the introductory essay, which is usually about the length of a long magazine article, gives an interesting review of the case. The illustrations, and the appendices, with current newspaper comment, subsequent proceedings in Court, and the final fate of the accused —whether sudden, at the hands of the executioner, or in peaceful old age—make up a thoroughly well-rounded story.

The six volumes now available include, in addition to the Thornton case, the internationally famous trial of Mrs. Maybrick. When I was a boy, and when tweaking the Lion's tail was in better repute than it is today, it was good form every now and then to pester the government of Great Britain about Mrs. Maybrick. In those days, in the opinion of some of the "Woman's Rights" party, any woman accused of crime was probably innocent, because she was a woman. When, in addition, she was American born, serving a life-sentence for murdering her English husband, the obligation to sign a petition to Queen Victoria or to Lord Salisbury was evident. Nothing could have been clearer until the days when that great light of knowledge was vouchsafed to novelists, journalists, and poets, which enabled them—in an instant—to know more about the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti than the jury, the Governor, or the university president who had *seen* as well as heard the witnesses. Mrs. Maybrick's case is a puzzler; Mr. Irving presents it with perfect neutrality, and two reasonable people may fairly, I think, hold opposite views as to what was the truth. If she were innocent she was the most unlucky soul who ever lived. Those who have read her own book have read an incomplete and (naturally) biased account. Mr. Irving very properly says that Mrs. Maybrick's "My Fifteen Lost Years" deals "in its latter portion with some of the facts of the case." The *some* should be emphasized.

The "Trial of Oscar Slater" records a case which has been cited in connection with that of Sacco-Vanzetti;—but merely by English papers as a reason why Britons should not be too loud in their denunciation of alleged miscarriage of justice in America. It has always seemed to me that Sir Conan Doyle's defense of Slater was justified. Mr. Roughead does not take sides, but presents the history with the impartiality of the legal historian.

* * *

The "Trial of Madeleine Smith" is a new edition, with a new introduction, by Miss Tennyson Jesse. This celebrated trial of a pretty Scottish girl, for the cruel poisoning of her lover, has always been a favorite with murder fanciers. As the lover threatened to blackmail his youthful mistress, by means of her love-letters, there was little sympathy for him, and the murderess escaped with a verdict of "not-proven." The world has looked at Madeleine Smith, aghast, and yet with a certain admiration for her effrontery. Miss Jesse, in her brilliant introduction, analyzes her character, and dwells chiefly on the love affair. She does not trouble to investigate the girl's subsequent career, nor the vague rumor that she is still living at the age of ninety, and in America! Madeleine's marriages; the identity of her husbands; the causes of her marital infelicity; her social career in London, and her acquaintance with William Morris, Du Maurier, and Henry James seem to me subjects which merited research. Incidentally it may be said that her celebrated letters are now published in full for the first time.

Little Major Armstrong, the "tea-time poisoner" has a volume in the series. The Major dealt, with sly sociability, in arsenic,—it was his specific for dandelions in the lawn, for an annoying wife, and for a rival lawyer. A fantastic little devil,—he so scared the rival lawyer and the lawyer's wife that they did not dare sleep at night unless one or the other kept watch, for fear the Major should come sneaking in, with his tiny squirt-gun, loaded with arsenic for dandelions,—and other enemies.

And there is that cruder pair of ruffians, Burke and Hare, who made the discovery that grave-robbing might raise blisters on the hands, and cause the operator to lose sleep,—it was simpler and more satisfactory to convert living persons into subjects for the anatomical theatre by a program of hospitable alcoholic entertainment, followed by smothering. Mr. Roughead's treatment of this extraordinary case sets this volume in a class by itself. No one else, in all the serried ranks of Great Britain's criminologists, possesses so many of the qualities which were displayed in editing "Burke and Hare." For here are legal knowledge, an unwearied patience in mastering a large and complicated subject, excellent judgment in selection, and a vigorous and interesting style in the presentation.

The Notable British Trials, as they were published in England, in their red bindings, have been known to American lawyers, to custodians of libraries of law, and to some general readers and amateurs of the literature of murder. Their American publishers have done well to bring them over here; as they offer a dignified treatment of an interesting subject, in great contrast to a dozen or more trivial books of popular criminology which have been imported in the past two or three years.

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And instead of suffering in appearance by their transportation, they have actually been improved by it,—witness their trim appearance in black and gold.

There are pleasant anticipations aroused by the announcement of forthcoming volumes in this series. It will be made convenient to read of the miscarriage of justice with Adolf Beck, and of the ancient case of Eugene Aram with its literary associations. There is that other literary murder case,—of Thurtell and Hunt, as well as the story of Fauntleroy who, like Dr. Dodd, committed forgery and was hanged for it. The strange case of the Annesley succession is told by Andrew Lang. A modern trio—Neill Cream, Crippen, and G. J. Smith (him of the bath-tubs)—have their volumes. There will be the strange grim story of Jessie M'Lachlan, who died in Port Huron, Michigan; and the half-insane career of Ronald True, who once taught aviation at Mineola, but ended among the dance-halls and night-clubs of London. There is Mary Blandy, who was hanged with her hands "ty'd with black paduasoy ribbons," and Kate Webster roaming about to take tea with her friends, but carrying her bag with its horrible contents. There is England's "master burglar," Charley Peace; the traitor Casement (whom it is the fashion, in some quarters, to admire), and the pitiful couple, Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson. There is the wildly romantic tale of Katharine Nairn and her lover,—a thirteenth century Italian intrigue set in Scotland. And there is the story of Henry Wainwright, who invited the little ballet dancer, Alice Day, for a ride in a cab,—an invitation whose acceptance was bitterly regretted, since there was already another and a ghastly passenger.

If I were a member of a purchasing committee of a library, I would vote to pass by most of the detective fiction of the day in favor of volumes of this series. If the other members of the committee hinted—as I have heard people do—that I am hipped on this subject, I would reply that three-fourths of the current detective novels are the thinnest kind of tosh, while the interest in these cases does not lapse with the first reading.

* * *

Writers of book reviews, from time to time, begin their articles with the grave inquiry: why do people like to read works about murder? After a discussion, in language that at least seems to be the result of profound thought, they come to the conclusion that people like to read such books because they like to do so. In reviewing detective fiction, this school of writers are apt to inquire very solemnly why it is that learned and respectable men like to read mystery stories. That they do so, they assure us upon their words of honor, and cite the great names of Gladstone, Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. Fortified by these examples, we take courage, and no longer hide under the pillow the works of Poe, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Doyle, or even Fletcher, when Aunt Emma comes into the room.

A year or more past a writer of reviews announced with finality that the crime wave in literature was past; that publishers had ceased to publish works about murder; the fad was over; the craze finished. I am glad that he was a false prophet, both because he has been able to write more of his interesting reviews, and that he may be encouraged to write another of his own books about law-breakers. It is true that in the large number of imported volumes on crime there have been many that ranged from trivial to worthless. But no such phrase could be applied to the scholarly work which characterizes this series of Notable Trials; nor to the notable literary achievement in the volumes of essays by H. B. Irving, William Roughead, Sir John Hall, Miss Tennyson Jesse, William Bolitho, and the newcomer, Frederick Mackenzie.

If one seeks for a better excuse than mere entertainment, if the book-buyer asks for a solid and serious reason for the Notable Trials in this country, I think it can be found with ease. Here is a history of criminal procedure in the country which has made the most progress in the field. It is offered to the citizens of this country, where criminal justice is a scandal. It is not a record of cruelty and ruthlessness, but of a swift and fairly sure disposition in each case, tempered by mercy when that was indicated. Thus, an innocent man, Abraham Thornton, even a century ago, was protected by the law against public clamor. A lunatic, Ronald True, was sent where he belonged. A doubtful sentence, on Mrs. Maybrick, was, at any rate, commuted to a lesser penalty; while the deliberate murderers, Neill Cream and G. J. Smith, were promptly obliterated by the hangman, instead of being saved alive for release by some foolish executive.

Those who believe in the retention of capital punishment cannot denounce all its opponents as sentimentalists, since there is a strong case against it. But neither can the opponents of the death penalty say that it does not deter murderers, until we, in this country, put it into practice. As long as we execute only four murderers out of 262 (as in New York in 1923) we cannot say that we know what its effect might be. And as long as England and Canada execute their murderers, and keep the murder rate so low, it is folly to say that the death penalty is not a deterrent. The argument about capital punishment is of minor importance compared with the need of an attitude of mind which seeks to protect the *future* victims of crime, rather than weep so much over the fate of convicted murderers. If the death penalty is abolished, the same folk who are so sorry for murderers, whose great hearts throb so violently when a man like Gerald Chapman is put to death, will be found agitating just as tearfully against the life-sentence. The same sentimental lawyers will make the same silly appeals to juries, and the same signers of petitions will be trying to get lifers out of jail in a few years. They procured the release of Neill Cream,—and he went forth and murdered four more people. They have never ceased to try to get out of prison the child-torturer and sadistic murderer, Jesse Pomeroy,—the familiar appeal was made recently, on the ground that he had "learned Arabic in prison" and would be a "valuable member of the community."

* * *

The project of an American series, similar to the Notable British Trials, does not engage the thought of our publishers. The work for the editor, and the expense for the publisher, is presumably too great for the reward. The "American State Trials" are apparently issued solely as legal works. Another proposed series of trials, of which I have heard, seems to contemplate only cases like the Dayton evolution trial. Murder is dismissed, as perhaps not respectable. But an American series is a fascinating notion. If I could command it, and set the editors at work, what excellent reading there would be in the Trials of the Knapps and Crowninshield for the murder of Captain White of Salem, edited by Arthur Stanwood Pier; the Trial of Albert T. Patrick, edited by Arthur Train; the Trials of Thomas Bram, edited by James B. Connolly; The Trial of Professor Webster, edited by Alexander Woollcott; the Trial of Lieutenant Becker, edited by William Travers Jerome; the Trial of Carlyle Harris, edited by Elinor Wylie; the Trial of Lizzie Andrew Borden, edited by,—well, in political language, I am in the hands of my friends.

An Actor's Reminiscences

UP THE YEARS FROM BLOOMSBURY. By GEORGE ARLISS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THIS must be accounted among the best of recent additions to the great mass of theatrical autobiographies, not only because it is entertaining from first to last, but because it is cleverly written and has the somewhat uncommon characteristics of modesty, sanity, shrewdness, and an informing spirit of kindly humor. It is noteworthy also as the work of a man who has solved and is eager to explain the true secrets of professional success. Here we have a player, one of the most popular and prominent of his day, who is sufficiently honest and courageous to declare that it by no means necessarily follows that the holders of stellar honors are the best actors. All competent students of the stage are somewhat painfully aware of the truth of this proposition. Range and versatility provide the standards by which degrees of dramatic artistry must be reckoned. Mr. Arliss, gifted with a streak of genius, and conscious of it, is nevertheless not blind to his own limitations. Lacking the physical, if not the mental, qualifications of a great actor, he is, in the fullest sense of the words, an accomplished and, in his own sphere, a brilliant artist. There is a sound moral in his book, for those who choose to look for it, and he is at some pains to enforce it.

Into the details of his story, interesting as many of them are, the restrictions of space make it impossible to go. They constitute a record of slow, laborious, but steady progress, enlivened by plentiful anecdote and glimpses of outstanding figures in the theatrical, literary, and social worlds. The whole is capitally told—vivaciously, simply, and unaffectedly. The essence of it all is that from the beginning—as proved by his persistent and unpromising juvenile essays as an amateur—he was endowed with a passionate love of, and some natural aptitude for, acting; that as a professional he started at the very bottom of the ladder; that for long and arduous years he served a perilous apprenticeship in provincial stock companies of varying importance, playing innumerable parts of every description, big, little, serious, or comic, until he came to be recognized as a dependable all round actor, master of all the executive mechanism of his art, who could be trusted to assume almost any part without fear of fiasco. This means that although he had made but few visible steps upward, he had acquired the education indispensable to the making of a really first rate actor. It is the history of all the great players of the past.

* * *

Meanwhile he had learned, as he freely admits, another lesson, that the decrees of nature had barred him from parts of a tragic or romantic character, and so soon as choice was permitted to him, he wisely resolved to attempt none save those for which he felt himself to be fitted. He had to wait a long time for his chance. It came when — having already played the Duke of St. Olpherts in Pinero's "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" in the provinces—he was engaged to act that part with Mrs. Pat Campbell in London. In this he was the successor of John Hare and did not suffer by invidious comparison. He had, and has indeed several traits in common with that lamented comedian, such as the crisp, nicely emphasized diction, the significant facial play, the artistic restraint, and the exquisite finish. He triumphed again as Cabel Drummle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Then he came to the United States, for a season, and remained for twenty years of constantly increasing popularity and prosperity. Of his successes in "The Destiny of the Gods," "The Devil," "Septimus," "Disraeli," "Hamilton," "The Green Goddess," and "Old English" it is unnecessary to speak here. They are known of all men. He has very nearly reached the top of the ladder and is still in his mature prime.

This is not the time, happily, for a final estimate of his dramatic value. It may be noted, however, that his histrionic range has its obvious limitations, and that his most popular impersonations have been largely dominated by his own individuality. But all of them have been distinguished by a consummate artistry acquired in the invaluable training which the vast majority of modern actors have never had. Herein lies the secret of his success, as he demonstrates in his attractive book with delightful simplicity. The volume is manifestly written primarily for the American public, to whom he owes so much, and of whom he speaks with charming and grateful appreciation. Doubtless it will have many readers.

Mr. Alfred Moss of "Merton," Foden-road, Walsall, England, with the coöperation of Mrs. and Miss Jerome, is writing a biography of the late Jerome K. Jerome. He will be grateful to any persons who may have in their possession letters or other documents of biographical interest, if they will lend them to him for a short time. He also asks those who may have had personal contact with Mr. Jerome if they will give their impressions of his life and work, or any details of interest.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Two Types of Poetry

TRINC. By H. PHELPS PUTNAM. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. $1.75.
THE TALL MEN. By DONALD DAVIDSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THERE have always been the two kinds of poets—those who build their tower out of certain fragments of the age they happen to live in and those whose stones of habitation are looked for in another place, exterior to time. There is no particular point in trying to decide which road leads straighter to fame or which task is the harder. A great poet will write greatly, whether he is deeply involved in his age or not—and a small according to his kind. Dante is no better and no worse because his cosmogony is in accord with the religious scheme of his era—and Blake no worse and no better because he gives a picture of Felpham that would hardly be recognized by its contemporary ratepayers. But I think that the distinction between these two types of creative intelligence does exist—and can be apparent even in the work of the same man. And in these two books of poetry under discussion, this distinction seems to me to be fairly clearly defined.

Both authors are American by birth and inheritance, both are past thirty, neither is yet widely known to the general public. Both have lived in this present age and observed it with something more than fear, disgust, or a fashionable defeatism. And both have now written books which anyone who is at all interested in American poetry should read without delay. But there the resemblance stops and they pursue their divergent ways.

Mr. Davidson sees his time from the inside, looking out—Mr. Putnam, in all essentials, from the outside, looking in. Mr. Putnam first, then, since he is the farther away.

The fifteen titles in "Trinc" represent some dozen years of work on the part of a genuine and an original poet. It has been a slow vintage, but the wine will keep. Bury it under what praise or criticism you will, it will still have gust and body and strength to set the mind alight when the years tap it again. And when a great deal of the praised (and quite justly praised) work of our era has grown a little ropy with its years in the cask, there is drink here that will still be clear.

At first sight, it would certainly seem as if Mr. Putnam were a contemporary poet in every sense of the word. He addresses a series of sonnets to a college which still exists, and others to certain living human beings who have real names, occupations, and even street-addresses. He mentions the Colorado upper plain, "in spring, in the inhuman land"—a pool near Boston where twelve swans once bathed, "more white and sinuous, Than any twelve such women in the world"—Springfield, Massachusetts, where Hasbrouck devoured "The mystic, the improbable, the Rose. For two nights and a day, rose and rosette, And petal after petal and the heart." He and his companions have "been around and earned our pay In mines and mills, in offices and wars, And seeming innocently picked our way In other lands among old trunks and booty And have brought our pleasure home and paid no duty." But what he has brought back has been translated, in the ancient sense of the word. It does not matter whether certain figures in his cosmos are called by the names of live men or are merely heroes, like Bill the hero. They exist now, in his work, as part of that work, and with a life beyond their own life. Let me quote—

SONG TO RUTH

I am so tired now, so tired
That my nerves and flesh are dead,
And only my spirit silently,
Wanders in my head.

Without the hindrance of my flesh
Of the fever of my nerves,
My spirit knows its own desire
And knows the love it serves.

Now without need of pride or scorn
I am more nearly true
To love than I have ever said
Telling my lies to you.

Kind girl, I am a weary child
And yet my dreams are strong—
Now take my head upon your lap

And sing the lovely song
About the foolish lovers who
Would lie under the trees,
And watch the golden leaves that fell,
And hear the autumn bees.

or the last six lines of one of the sonnets:

Austere and lonely saint, O vagrant soul,
From birth and nothing on your way to death
And nothingness, the broad and empty goal,
Come teach my breathing heart to save its breath.

Make it a seasoned stoic in its age,
An armored child, a swift and careless sage.

These lines are contemporary, yes, for they were written in our time. But for all the impress our time has had upon either the emotion or the language, they might have been written a hundred years ago or a hundred years from now. Which is not to say that because of this quality such lines must necessarily be "great," but to point out that Mr. Putnam is not primarily interested in civilization or the time-spirit, in cleverness or America or science, but in poetry. His subjects may be reduced, if one so wishes, to love, friendship, lost youth, strong drink, and a man confronting nothingness. These were valid subjects in the day of the poets of the Greek Anthology and they are valid now. It is what he makes of them that matters. And he has made them alive and set his mark on them. I think it will be a difficult mark to forge.

There are faults in the book and weaknesses, overuse of certain words, occasional repetitions of phrase or image. The "Three Laments" seem to me greatly inferior to the rest and the "Ballad of A Strange Thing" is not entirely successful. Also, in the revision of his early poems, Mr. Putnam has sometimes revised too much. The "Song of the Trumpeter" is better in its present version, but in going over and over the first of "Seven Against Chance" somebody, perhaps Bigelow Hasbrouck, has almost assassinated a very fine sonnet. Nevertheless, the book stands. There are poems in it. I think there are some poems in it that will last, when much we read now is forgotten. Such praise is often given and carelessly. I do not mean to give it carelessly, but because I can give no less.

Mr. Davidson has followed a different road toward a different goal, and to say so is not to speak against him, because he has written a remarkable and interesting book. We may never have an American epic of the "Song of Roland" sort, in spite of the various attempts at the thing—but, in "The Tall Men," Mr. Davidson has built up, with a very definite skill and fire, a people, a State, a passage of time and a man—the Tennessee of the hunters and the Tennessee of the Buick-drivers—and one man's mind, remembering the past of Boone, the past of Forrest's grey and butternut scouts, the no less definite past of the Wildcat Division, and the present of 1927.

The seed of the white man grows on Indian graves,
Waxing in steel and stone, nursing the fire
That eats and blackens till he has no life
But in the fire that eats him. White man, remember,
Brother, remember Hauef and his sixty warriors
Greedy for battle-joy. Remember the rifles
Talking men's talk into the Tennessee darkness
And the long-haired hunters watching the Tennessee hills
In the land of big rivers for something.

Mr. Davidson sets himself beside the Masters of "Spoon River" and the Neihardt of "The Song of the Indian Wars" and the other explorers and colonizers of certain parts of American ground, who are now reclaiming that ground from the artificial throstles and hawthorn of those who could not see the sky as it was for all the English poetry that had been written about it. But what he does, he does by his own right, and the comparison is not in the least unfavorable to him.

He owes something, undoubtedly, to Masters and something, on the other hand to T. S. Eliot. The method of his book might bear some comparison to the method of Mr. Wescott's "The Grandmothers" and he has kinship with other modern writers in his use of cutback, soliloquy, and so forth. But the whole effect is a unified one and strong with an individual personality. He has not been destroyed by war or peace, or overcome by the properties of the past, and he has produced an outstanding narrative poem, as firmly rooted in an actual America as "Spoon River" itself.

It is difficult to display the merits of such a poem in quotation, or to measure the force of the whole by passages taken out of their context. But it is worse to speak about a poet without ever letting him speak for himself. Here is one of the epitaphs, through which some of Mr. Davidson's characters speak for himself and them.

ANDREW JACKSON

What makes men live but honor? I have felt
The bullet biting next my heart and yet
I kept my life for honor's cake and killed
My enemy. And what else was the fire
That fed my sickly body when I shamed
The Tennesseans into victory
At Horseshoe Bend? What was it then but honor
That blazed too hot for British regulars
At New Orleans? Then all the people knew
That I was of their breed and trusted me.
Cowards and lies and little men will pass,
But honor, by the Eternal, will endure.

This is not a fair sample of the whole by any means, but it gives some idea of one of Mr. Davidson's methods in regard to the past. Another is from the section, "Geography of the Brain,"

VIII.

I have come a long way, I tell you. I am attended
(The brain is attended here) by motley splendors:
Dust of battles, creak of wagons, vows
Rotting like antique lace; the smiles of women
Broken like glass; the tales of old men blown
From rheumy beards on the vague wind; silk gowns
Crumbling in attics; ruffled shirts on bones
Of gentlemen in forgotten graves; rifles,
Hunting-shirts, Bibles, looms, and desperate
Flags uncrowned. But is this then to be
Dreadfully attended or have bad dreams? I am
Wherever I go in silent pomp attended
By rivers where I dwelt in good times gone,
The bending Tennessee, the Cumberland
Between high wooded banks, the Father of Waters
Receiving all the westward streams. I go
With speech of the hills, an ancient tongue, on lips
That know no other language. I have taken
Trees for comrades. I acknowledge the oak,
The grey-barked beech, the dark cedar as friends,
But firmer than all, tough-fibred hickory.
Stranger, smite my breast and feel the hard
Defiance of hickory. Know my attendants, know
My tough friends met by many a travelled road
Whose careless olden songs were chanted in fields
Among long cotton-rows or in the sun
Of corn-thick bottom-land or the grassy sides
Of shelving pastures. Know my haughty attendants,
Proud men quick with a rope or gun, and quick
With a warm smile. They stay where they are put,
Steady within the modern brain which draws
Attendants grim and beautiful together,
As kin of motley splendor out of the past
A stubborn unity of courage, only
A wall against confusions of this night.

And on these lines, Mr. Davidson may well rest his case. He has gone into the past for its motley splendors and from them he has created a certain unity. He is in our time and of it, and about that time and the times which fathered it he has written an excellent and noteworthy poem. It is not always sustained, there are failures in it and places where he has followed one master or another a trifle too closely, but it is in no sense prentice-work. This improvement from his first book has been extraordinary, and this one should gain him a deserved reputation and take away from the reviewer's pet label, "promising," for good and all. I can think of no book of the year so far that would be a better selection for the Pulitzer Prize, should the choice of an American theme have anything to do with the conditions of that prize. It is not meant in dispraise of either poet to say that Mr. Putnam, having followed a different road, must be content with a somewhat different award.

Fads and Facts

THE HUMAN BODY. By LOGAN CLENDENING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by PERCY G. STILES

Author of "Dreams"

THIS is a highly individual book. It is designed for "the adult and otherwise sophisticated reader" and it is exceedingly well contrived to hold his attention. It includes some anatomy, a good deal of physiology, a judicious selection from the field of pathology, and a discriminating account of the achievements of scientific medicine. There are frequent and always fascinating excursions into the past, quaint quotations, and graphic pictures which give vividness to significant epochs in the history of these branches. Most of the illustrations are original, and admirable in conception and execution. The volume is a beautiful piece of presswork.

When all this has been said it remains to recognize the pervasive and challenging personality of the writer which gives the book its singular distinction. He is a successful practitioner in Kansas City. As he reviews his long experience he is reflective, humorous, and palpably sincere. He satirizes fads in hygiene but is not blind to their fragmentary value. Sometimes he is frankly at odds with most phy-

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sicians as in his conviction that periodic physical examinations do more harm than good, they are cause of anxiety and introspection while "ignorance is bliss"). He is little disposed to make rules for the conduct of life: the outcome, he holds, depends far more on constitution than regimen.

In his prevailing mood Doctor Clendening, genial and trenchant, reminds one of Holmes and Osler. Somewhat infrequently he is a bit cynical but presently he is found making amends. Thus on page 275 he gives a ghastly characterization of marriage but a little later he relents in admitting that there are at least occasional examples of companionship which transcend his analysis. The reader may incline to think that while we are well rid of the Victorian reticence concerning bodily processes we have lost too much the Victorian faith in human virtue.

The Stuff of Dreams

DREAMS. By Dr. Percy C. Stiles. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

DR. STILES explains that he is not a trained psychologist; he is one by temperament—a sufficient warrant for his most interesting contribution. It has the advantage of a representative collection gathered through thirty years, following the open road of induction, with no thesis to defend. The drawings accompanying the slight volume show that, since dreams are for the most part "visions," the pencil is as indispensable as the pen for their convincing record.

Prominent in the dream components are the sensory glimpses or momentary tableaux, in this case with an unusual frequency of a colored embellishment; transformations, like dissolving views, such as a pair of swimmers each in the center of his wave passing into the same persons seated in a chair, the crest of the wave forming the back of the chair; some analogy, both pictorial and verbal; and a sprinkling of symbolism. The stuff that common dreams are made of is homespun with no elaborate patterns—just reverberations of the lighter concerns of life, with a bit of the dramatic, the pictorial, the exaggerated, and an occasional flash of imagination or wit. Next to the seen is the moving—appearance enhanced by action, both as felt and seen. Odor is not absent; the auditory is not prominent, though sounds that awaken, in so doing are woven into the dream-plot.

Bodily states play a leading part and typically give room by way of projected disguise, in this instance peculiarly explicit because the dreamer is anatomically informed. It takes a doctor to transform intestinal distress into a multi-arched "subway," the dream side of "intestinal unrest" appears compositely in "an anxious mood, the threading of winding ways, the gas-jets, the lavatories, the hollow cornice derived from the sacculated colon, the rumbling notes proceeding from an invisible source." Troubled breathing transforms the diaphragm into an elevator of an entire floor of a room moving up and down, but embellished with a green carpet. A recent extraction of teeth becomes in dream version a picture of two dead birds. The mood following participation in a Christmas pageant—and feeling rather foolish—pictures the subject taking a bath in the Harvard Medical amphitheatre, the tiers occupied by spectators, and the episode labelled, "Humiliated." The agony of an actual carbuncle projects the dream doctor taking off his own head, shocked to discover a gangrenous area, while the thyroid drops to the floor.

But there is quite as much of the man as of the doctor, and the conclusions drawn reinforce the genetic interpretation of dreams. Dreaming is "reversion to childish modes of thought."

When the collection was begun the compiler was twenty-two years old. At fifty-two he seems to have gained nothing in prudence and sagacity. His mental age has remained for a generation at about ten or twelve. He has accumulated information in his waking experience which he can utilize when he dreams; but while facts have been stored, there is no corresponding growth in wisdom.

The emotional attitude of dreams is childish. There is a childish insistence and confidence, lack of consideration, heedlessness of consequences, recourse to deception, agitation about trifles, admirable reasoning on false or "bad" premises, exaggeration, and making excuses, with a prevailing mood of self-satisfaction. All this is consistent with the Freudian principle of reversion; but of Freud's sex content and erotic direction and elaborate disguising subconscious symbolism, there is conspicuously little.

To sleep is to contract, to wake is to expand the sphere in which we live. To dream is to be committed to crass egotism and to sitting in the seat of the scornful. We wake to a broader vision, a more patient philosophy, a kindlier idealism;

provided, as in the present instance, such is our matured nature.

On Wings of the Familiar

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

IF Mr. Morley had never done anything other than "Translations from the Chinese" he would still be a notable figure. These gay things which, like the White Knight's devices, are very much his own invention, give him room and verge enough for the exercise of his particular talent. It is delightful to have the whole shooting match in one volume (the constituent parts have heretofore been scattered through four little books). One reader at least is glad to see the recognition which these happy performances seem to be attaining. For Mr. Morley's forte is this sort of business. No one passes "from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again" with greater elegance. And the reader must be obtuse indeed who looks on this book as a collection of quips and cranks.

For there is more brain and more beauty in this book than in a dozen vasty performances which blind without dazzling the eyes of this generation. But the literary crowd will read it and think it slight because it is short. Our contemporaries will be known to the twenty-third century as the men who never were comfortable except when their women had sewn pillows to all arm-holes. They want their padding.

Mr. Morley reminds me of the California water-ousel, once described eloquently by the late John Muir. The creature flies impudently before the fisherman from pool to pool. Suddenly it dives in the deep stream or through the very cataract. It is equally at home in either world, and each must seem to it at once familiar and strange. Mr. Morley has two such worlds. The nice part of it is that he can show us both with exquisite grace. Few poets restore more generously the mystery that our own clumsy hands have rubbed from the butterfly wings of the familiar.

The book is charmingly illustrated with humorous drawings by Gluyas Williams.

Casehardened Men

TOMBSTONE. By Walter Noble Burns. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Bernard De Voto

THE beginning: "'Don't mess up the place,' said Shotwell, 'take him outside and kill him.'" That was 1878. The end: "Mrs. William Lutley entertained at bridge last evening." That was 1926. Mr. Burns is clearly saddened by the degradation. The biographer of Billy the Kid, he turns, in "Tombstone," from the thorough-going but small scale slaughter of the Lincoln County War to a community that dealt in toughness wholesale and when it started an atrocity wasn't content short of perfection. Mr. Burns declares that Tombstone was not only Hangtown and the elder San Francisco, but also Virginia City, Alder Gulch, Poker Flat, Deadwood, Hays City, Abilene, and Dodge City as well—all in one. The claim is as formidable as it is comprehensive. I file a demurrer.

Mr. Burns does, however, display before us, in support of his claim, what is certainly the largest cast of bad characters yet produced by the current revival of Western Americana. His book is packed with good yarns about casehardened men. It presents to us, for the first time, the unique folkways of Tombstone. Tombstone, understand, was hard-boiled, but it was also refined. You might patronize the arts there or observe what was being worn in Paris, and the barkeep who fumbled a pousse-café was shipped back to the less exacting standards of New York. It existed, however, to a continuous barrage of revolvershots, and continuous ridings to and from robberies of every recognized sort. (The shots were not purely of the hand-gun kind: Mr. Burns is almost alone of modern chroniclers in recognizing that the West preferred rifles and scatter-guns for really heartfelt shooting.) Grade A certified bad men move across the screen so rapidly and in such masses that the effect is a little blurred. Everyone is shooting everyone else and no one's heart is pure, except for Slaughter's and the Earps's. A few do stand out: Curly Bill, the perennial outlaw, who was finally shot, and may or may not have been killed by Wyatt Earp: John Ringo, who was Bill's colleague and whose end was strange: the Clantons and Buckskin Frank, also of Bill's staff: the Earps, who finally blotted out Bill's organization: Doc Holliday, their associate, who was too thin to be shot: and John Slaughter, who brought order to Tombstone. But the rest are hardly distinguishable, very bad customers, whose badness was quantitative, who did away with some dozen or sixteen before breakfast, Mexican or white. That is, if Mexicans count.

* * *

In the portraits of Wyatt Earp and John Slaughter, Mr. Burns does his best work. His account of the former, in fact, easily ranks with his portrait of Billy the Kid, which raises it far out of the ruck of these new Western psychographs. It is a cunningly rendered study, an accomplishment of first-rate importance. Wyatt Earp emerges as the type specimen of gunfighters, coldly but magnificently courageous, temperamentally opposed to outlawry, swiftly intelligent, patient, crafty, resourceful. There is much realistic interpretation of the frontier in Mr. Burns's study of him and of John Slaughter. He would have been well advised if he had kept his book always in that key. Unfortunately, however, he sometimes writes dialogue that might be lifted entire from the "Cowboy Tales" nonsense that is ground out by mild bohemians in Chelsea. Then, too, rhetoric comes upon him and we read, too often, how "his black eyes gleamed like those of an ambushed panther that suddenly on a slant of wind scents prey."

Tombstone, in Mr. Burns's pages, has a satisfying glamour. My demurrer, however, requires me to point out the camp's contamination by small-town bullies from the South, who got their start shooting negroes in the canebreaks. That is why it was not Virginia City or Alder Gulch. There was murder at those less refined places, to be sure, and robbery and even massacre, and a duello after cards or liquor was the affair of no one but the principals. But bad men were not tolerated there—professional hard guys who carved notches in their gun-stocks and swaggered about being rude to the citizenry. When any such tried to show his wares he was spanked and his gun was taken away from him. If he procured another one, he observed the next sunrise from the limb of a tree. The West, as distinguished from the Southwest, wore its pants tucked in and did not admire swashbucklers.

Imperialism

THE WHITE MAN'S DILEMMA. By Nathaniel Peffer. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Henry Kittredge Norton

WE are fallen upon evil times. The White Man in his globe-circling career has reached the climax of the age of imperialism and can neither go on nor draw back without losses too heavy to bear. Without continued control over the lands of the colored races we cannot obtain the raw materials which are the source of our high standard of life: that control can only be continued at an expense of more money and lives than the raw materials are worth.

That is the white man's dilemma as Mr. Peffer sees it. He is distressed about it. He is distressed that others, especially our statesmen, business men, and so-called experts, do not see it as he does. "Practical men," he fears, have not the "common sense" to face the realities of life. Here is a huge, menacing reality and they do not even see it. The white race has a bear by the tail; it can neither hold on nor let go—and it doesn't even know it! Here is the raw material of tragedy and Mr. Peffer, with a sarcasm the brilliancy of which excels even his own previous efforts, insists upon calling it to our attention.

The author disclaims any desire to discuss the moral aspects of imperialism. He says it would make no difference. Even if the imperialistic nations could be convinced of the immorality of their domination over the lesser peoples, it would not end their imperialism. They would go right on in the old way as regardless of morals as they are of consequences.

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Chinese, if the foreign settlements were turned over to them, would allow them to go to pot. If the British withdrew from India, the native races would spend their time and energy in trying to kill each other off. And so on through the list.

But, says Mr. Peffer, these native peoples have made up their minds to have their freedom and they are going to get it whether they deserve it or not unless the white man exerts himself much more strenuously to keep them in subjection than he has neretofore. Mr. Peffer, one would think, rather expects that the additional effort will be made and he sees no good to come therefrom.

Like the Jeremiahs of all ages, Mr. Peffer is inclined to see all of the evil and magnify it to such an extent that there is no room left for optimism. To do this it is usually necessary to omit essential facts in any given situation and occasionally the momentum of the thought forces an actual falsification. But this is an accepted part of the Jeremian technique and due allowance will be made for it by the intelligent reader. The very hopelessness of the picture as it is here painted would lead even the unintelligent reader of average bouyant spirits to doubt whether it is complete.

Looked at in the large, the process of imperialism is hardly so novel a thing as Mr. Peffer makes it. He treats it as something which began "in the middle of the last century." But in one form or another and under one name or another, the history of imperialism is the history of the world. All through the ages the peoples who have learned coöperation and organization have extended their sway over their more ineffective neighbors. In some cases these neighbors have been assimilated and in others they have been inspired by their very subjection to work out a national regeneration which has brought them independence again. The process as it goes on in our own day under the name of imperialism is not different in its social implications. Much of the brutality has been eliminated. Subject populations, instead of being reduced to slavery, are given an opportunity to secure larger returns for their labor than ever before. The border-lines of civilization, shaped by the times, are gradually extended. Political problems somehow find their solution and the world goes on developing, probably growing no worse in the process. One can despair, or one can be optimistic. Mr. Peffer chooses to despair.

Despite his avoidance of the moral issue; despite his resignation in the face of the hard-heartedness and stupidity of the white leaders, despite even his statement that "it would be presumptuous to offer instruction and advice," he cannot quite stultify himself. Almost by a slip of the pen he discloses that he really has the solution. It is as he says a "counsel of perfection," but there it is for those who would profit by it. "If there were ten real statesmen at the helm of the governments in the principal countries of Europe and in the United States, if among the financial and industrial potentates of those countries there were ten men who could see beyond the year's balance-sheet, then there might be compromise." This compromise Mr. Peffer would prescribe in advance. He would find out what the subject nations "demand or are likely to demand" and then give them a little more.

There is the solution in a nutshell. We have but to await the arrival of the enlightened ten.

In Vienna, according to the Paris *Peuple*, there has just been launched a weekly paper whose contributors will be paid by the readers and not by the management. The name and address of the writer of every article and every story will be printed, together with his contribution, and all the readers of those articles or stories are "left free to send to the individual contributors whatever sums they judge an appropriate reward" for the said contribution. (If the readers do not wish to reward the writers direct they may send their donations straight to the management of the paper, which has generously offered to distribute the result, free of any commission, to the contributors concerned.) The arrangement so far as the readers are concerned seems to be permissive: there is no stipulation that, having read the magazine, they must send something to somebody. The contributors, on the other hand, are less free; it is laid down that with every contribution they must send three shillings to the management, a trifling expense which, it is pointed out, will in the aggregate meet the cost of producing the paper, and which is certain to be more than returned to the contributor by the handsome gifts which he will receive from his readers.

The Play of the Week

By Oliver M. Sayler

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS, a Tragedy in Four Acts. By Sean O'Casey. Produced by the Irish Players for George C. Tyler at the Hudson Theatre, New York, November 28, 1927. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Reviewed from Performance and Published Manuscript

ONE of the most difficult tasks the theatre confronts in making dramatic literature oral and visual, in completing and fulfilling its latent promise as drama, is to bring to plausible life on the stage scenes of confusion and combat. Ever since Schiller marshalled the hosts of Wallenstein in his great trilogy, ever since Shakespeare set the legions of Roman civil strife chasing each other over the battlefield of Philippi in "Julius Caesar," ever since Aristophanes sent the old men of Athens to a scalding bath at the hands of Lysistrata's conspirators on the Acropolis, the theatre's resources for giving plausibility and illusion to mass action in cross-section and microcosm have been strained to the breaking point. To this illusive and elusive end, the Greek stage invented and the Greek populace accepted conventions of which we have scant record. The Elizabethans, likewise, were content with symbolic stimuli to the imagination—a handful of soldiers with property swords serving as proxy for untold armies locked in mortal strife. In our own day, the two distinct and characteristic species of dramatic utterance—realism and expressionism—have shared the common trait of utilizing to the utmost the physical and mechanical as well as the human instruments of the theatre: the former, as in the Moscow Art Theatre's production of "The Family of Tiurbin," for the sake of the representative illusion of life; the latter, as in Capek's "R. U. R.," Toller's "Man and the Masses," and Kaiser's "Gas," for the sake of the suggestive illusion of significant unreality.

Overstimulated by this craze for meticulous detail and yet never satisfied with what is at best an approximation, it is with relief akin to that of escape from the pompous rigmarole of city traffic into open country that we encounter the bland indifference to the demands of external illusion displayed by the Irish Players in their production of Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars." Paradoxically enough, the Irish gain this tranquil effect of wide spaces in the process of interpreting a series of high-strung scenes set not only in the streets and tenements of Dublin but in those streets and tenements as transformed into a shambles during the Easter Rebellion in 1916. This paradox resolves itself, however, the moment we stop to realize that in effectually reverting to the physical simplicity of the Elizabethans, these actors free themselves for the undisturbed pursuit of their true and natural task—acting.

In citing this paradox and its effect, I am not making excuses for a shabby, resourceless, and indigent scenic investitude for O'Casey's play. I realize full well that a masterly and prodigal regisseur could provide it with a nervous atmosphere of reality, drumming incessantly on all the senses. But I beg to doubt whether such an elaborate and provocative production could appeal so directly, so poignantly, to the emotions, especially if it sought to replace and conceal indifferent acting. I even suspect that superlative acting might be blurred and swamped by such a production. In other words, we have here an eloquent exhibit for the plaintiff in the immemorial case of the actor vs. stage settings.

In any event, the production of "The Plough and the Stars" by Arthur Sinclair and his associates is quite in keeping with the best traditions of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, from which they emerged to independent life some years ago. This group, fully entitled to the term, "Irish Players," since six of the leading members of the present company came to us direct from the Abbey on one or two previous visits, and two of them on both occasions, clings to both of the major tenets of the parent stage: the production of plays of sound literary merit dealing with Irish life and character, and their interpretation by means of naively simple, earnest, sincere acting. The Abbey never rocked the boat of its budget for the sake of stage settings.

In reading "The Plough and the Stars," it is evident that O'Casey, too, honors these traditions. In this wise, dauntless, and human play that is both

Nor is the author pleading here for the rights of the subject peoples. He readily concedes that left to themselves they will make a mess of things. The comedy and tragedy, sometimes alternately, sometimes simultaneously, he has written, not for stage directors, scenic designers, electricians, or property men, but for actors. Beginning with that casual but ominous scene in the Clitheroes's parlor, on through the eccentric but increasingly intense dissensions in the public house adjoining the rostrum on the eve of revolution, through the snatches of fear, despair, and elation over plunder from stove-in shop windows after the storm breaks, to the bitter and tragic ironies of rebellion's ebb-tide, he has written winged words that live trebly when spoken, words that sublimate the mood of turmoil without the need of its physical counterpart. If it were not a matter of record that younger novices created these rôles at the première in Dublin, one might almost feel that, as Chekov did in Moscow, he had written for these particular players: for the comic genius of Arthur Sinclair, who knows as well as any man living how to bring a thought to birth on his face; for the volatile passions of Maire O'Neill; for the legendary dignity of Sara Allgood; for the suspicious irascibility of J. A. O'Rourke; and for the blunt geniality of Sydney Morgan—to name only those most familiar to us.

For those who would amplify a visit to the Irish Players by more than a reading of "The Plough and the Stars," recent books contain no more illuminating glimpses of Dublin's Abbey and her dramatists than Padraic Colum's "The Road Round Ireland." All that Colum says about O'Casey as author of "Juno and the Paycock" applies with even greater point and force to him as author of "The Plough and the Stars." This episodic but cumulatively powerful drama of the metropolis does for the city worker and his tenements what Synge did for the peasant, his fields, his glens, and his roadsides. Both Synge and O'Casey have an instinctive ear for transcribing and crystallizing human speech, though the imagery of O'Casey's proletarians is necessarily cruder and less poetic than that of Synge's farmers and beggars. At one point, however, O'Casey all but merges with his great progenitor, for the reverberating periods of his drunken, voluble, but whole-souled fruit-vendor, Bessie Burgess, might have been written by Synge himself—a fact which is not so strange when we pause to realize that the fountain source of her speech is the same as that of the denizens of Synge's thatched cottages, the ritual of the church.

(*Next week Mr. Sayler will review Noel Coward's "Marquise" and "Fallen Angels."*)

Swirling Currents

BLACK STREAM. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

IN the black stream of business cares, petty professional vexations, and hectic social duties, Mrs. Colby's characters plunge, struggle, reappear, and are lost. The swift tempo of her novel and her rapid, staccato, incisive style suit perfectly her theme. It is not a novel in which the moral is needlessly labored; Mrs. Colby is too shrewd a craftsman for that. But as each of her characters comes to some tragic frustration, the deadlines of the black stream, the folly of those who seek its deepest waters, are heavily emphasized.

With only one of these characters is the tragedy placed on any high moral level. Out of the mass of hurried, petty, febrile New Yorkers, people with money and social ambitions, who dance through the pages, just one heroic figure disengages himself. This is Dr. Farraday, striving hopelessly to carry on scientific research of value in the intervals of almost incessant demands upon his professional attention by neurotic women. After long hours in his office, earning money to enable his wife to make a splurge and his daughter to set her cap for a distinguished foreigner, he retires into a laboratory built at the rear of the house; and here he and his assistant, Miss Mapes, who is hated by wife and daughter, pursue some discovery which always eludes them. Across the street is Jim Brazee, Wall Street speculator, with another spendthrift wife, and a daughter who is reckless of money and virtue alike. The two families find their fortunes unexpectedly interwoven. In the few days covered by Mrs. Colby's novel there occur a fashionable debut, a secret marriage, a business catastrophe, a suicide, a breakdown in health, and any amount of loving and fighting. The curtain goes down upon Jim Brazee slain by his own hand, Dr. Farraday's son married

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to Brazee's daughter to give her unborn child (by another man) a name, his assistant driven from his door, and the doctor himself upon his deathbed. It is a novel crowded with action, but of it all only the fate of Dr. Farraday impresses or moves us greatly.

The other persons of the novel were born to be drowned by the black stream. It is the element in which they naturally wish to live and die. But Dr. Farraday is one of the rare souls designed for something better. He should have clambered out; he should have been the quiet-souled research scientist, working with a modest salary in a Michigan university town, which he longed to be. Had his family understood him as Miss Mapes did, and had they shown a tithe of the unselfishness with which he was gifted, he might have realized this destiny. In so far as Mrs. Colby's novel has emotional power, and parts of it have a good deal, this centres in the man whom we see at the end dying only too unsuccessfully successful; a rich and applauded society physician, who never had quite time or vitality enough left for the pure science which held his heart. Aside from its power, the book shows striking technical capacity. Brisk, modern, full of the latest devices in style and psychology, it may fairly be termed superficial; but despite its superficiality, much of the characterization, the dialogue, and the narrative can only be called brilliant. In its resolute, well-directed mastery of such resources as the author possesses, it is superior to Mrs. Colby's unusual first book, "Green Forest."

A "Thriller"—with a Flaw

THE BELLAMY TRIAL. By FRANCES NOYES HART. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is one of the most exciting mystery stories we have read for some time—with one serious weakness in the plot. The presentation is original, and one marvels that no one has thought of it before. There is no detective "sleuthing" of a murderer. Two people directly accused of a murder are already on trial for their lives. We are in the court-room at that trial, from the beginning to the end of the book. The story of the murder is unfolded through the actual procedure of prosecution and defense, through the verbatim testimony of witness after witness, and through the scrappy colloquy of a female special writer and her newspaper-reporter *vis-a-vis* (who rapidly becomes her fiancé). We witness the trial through the latter's eyes—its progress being sometimes maddeningly interrupted by the intrusion of their small love-affair.

Mrs. Hart has condensed her narrative extremely well. The atmosphere of the busy court is well conveyed, her characterization of the principals and of the witnesses and subordinate characters is clean-cut. She is thoroughly informed as to legal procedure; the judicial attitude, bitter baiting, legal wrangling, florid flights of emotionalism of the attorneys, and the various tragic, pathetic, and comic attitudes of those in the witness-box are all extremely real. In this respect the book can be called a thoroughly "good job." Question and answer rip right along and hold the reader from start to finish as the absorbing story unfolds. Strangely enough, for the most part, Mrs. Hart makes her men rather more convincing than her women. But she has a natural gift for reproducing various idioms. One can find very little fault with her on that score.

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The weakness in the plot referred to consists, to us, in the fact that any man should pay one hundred thousand dollars to a woman he had been in love with before he met his wife, for the return of three impassioned and sentimental love-letters of his written ten years back at a time when his relationship with his former love had become unusually intimate. That the letters *had* been written ten years ago he could certainly have proved to his wife as he proved it in court. The husband involved, Patrick Ives, had never told his wife, Sue, of the degree of intimacy that had once existed between Mimi Bellamy and himself, though Sue knew well enough that he and Mimi had once been practically engaged. But, as the whole town of Rosement also knew this, and probably guessed more; and as the unfortunate Elliot Farwell seems to have had a *penchant* for guessing things about Mimi, whom he had always loved desperately, as well as for talking unwisely in his cups, it would appear probable that some rumor must have reached Sue in the last ten years concerning the actual erstwhile relationship.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that if Mimi Bellamy was now trying to blackmail Patrick Ives, to the extent of the preposterous sum of one hundred thousand dollars, all he had to do (if his wife was the paragon Mrs. Hart makes her out) was to say, "Well, go ahead; show the letters to my wife!" and then make a clean breast of the whole matter to Sue. Mrs. Hart must know enough about women to realize how a loving wife would react to this. The confession of her husband might have caused Mrs. Ives pain, but the blackmailing attitude of Mrs. Bellamy would have made her utterly his champion. The fact that her husband had once been so passionately in love with the girl, to whom he was then regarded by many as affianced, that they had, in the phrase of the world, "gone the limit"—while perhaps deplorable enough in Mrs. Ives's eyes, would not have had the power to spoil her present marriage. This had all happened before her husband had ever even met *her*. A passing flare of jealousy on her part might result, she might transiently be wounded and grieved to think of Patrick's past conduct, but certainly she would feel Mrs. Bellamy's present action base beyond all palliation. This, of course, presupposes sincere and deep love between husband and wife; but such love is Mrs. Hart's contention.

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And the Mr. Ives of the story is shown as a shrewdly intelligent man, indeed almost "hard-boiled." One does not particularly like him, but he is all of that. Besides—one hundred thousand dollars—a sum like that is not an amount that a man with a family to support has any right to chuck away simply "to keep pain and sorrow and ugliness" out of his wife's way, particularly when the pain and sorrow the revelation would cause her would be entirely negligible in the light of a new complete understanding. Ives admits on the witness-stand that the sum made "a large dent' in his capital. Mrs. Bellamy was entirely impotent to do either of them any real hurt. She was not in the least a pathetic figure. She was beautiful, popular, happily married to a husband who adored her. Moreover, the colors in which the author has painted Mimi Bellamy do not admit of the rather ghastly light in which this blackmailing scheme places her. One simply cannot believe her the type who would have evolved such a plan, weak and frivolous though she was. It is, indeed, perfectly conceivable that she might have called upon Ives for financial aid. But that is quite a different matter. He might even have proffered a large amount of money "for old sake's sake." But to think that he could have been hounded into paying out one hundred thousand dollars for three letters such as any lovesick boy might have written without necessarily having any other significance attached to them—and this when his wife quite possibly already "knew all" by rumor—is an enormous strain on our credulity.

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The worst that could have resulted from Mrs. Ives's seeing the letters would have been a rupture of the friendship between the Ives and the Bellamys; even a complete rupture is unlikely. Meanwhile Patrick Ives was running the danger of his wife's belief that he was *now*, though happily married and apparently an unusually devoted husband, carrying on a hole-in-the-corner intrigue with a married woman. Which is exactly what happened. No man of his intelligence, weighing the two alternatives for two months, as he did, would have chosen the road he elected. To adduce a very rickety "motive," the author has made two of her characters pursue an unconvincing course. Mrs. Hart, with her decided acumen and vivid imagination, could certainly have worked out a really substantial motive.

We have been emphatic regarding this detail of Mrs. Hart's story, because it seems to us the only flaw in an otherwise fine performance of its kind. Despite this weakness in the plot, "The Bellamy Trial" is notably original in method, crisp and satisfying in the handling, and the author manages her sequence of "sensations" in masterly fashion. Her characters, in the main, act and talk like actual individuals. One knows the counterparts of most of them. They are not the puppets of the second-rate "thriller." And, above all, the story is breathlessly exciting.

Our Society

MOVE OVER: A Novel of Our "Better Classes." By E. PETTIT. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

FOR no tangible reason I suspect that E. Pettit is a woman, and therefore I shall refer to the author of "Move Over" as if I were sure of her sex. The novel is a very difficult one to review. Chiefly it is difficult because it deals with "high life," a special society that few people comprehend, for in its essentials it is as much of a closed order as the fraternity of drug-addicts or of professional prostitutes. We all know that these circles exist, and we recognize their exteriors, but of the inner realities we are definitely ignorant, even though we have our own well-ordered notions and prejudices. Now as for "high life" as defined in this novel, we understand it to depend largely upon the possession of great wealth, to cohere by a social snobbery of almost incredible strength, and to give ultimately to its initiates a futility and boredom that necessitates every immorality and vice that the human animal can create. The headliners of this group are brought to the common man by the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers; their divorces and escapades are fuel for rural sewing circles, and their mode of life is secretly envied by all who do not understand it. But after all, what do we know of their realities? Possibly Miss Pettit gives them to us in "Move Over;" in fact we are inclined to believe that she does. But we cannot be sure. One of the fundamental questions in the judgment of any literary work must therefore remain unanswered; we do not dare to say with fine decision, "This novel reflects life accurately and significantly."

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But if the novel is in the highest sense true (I take the liberty of assuming that it is), it is important and valuable. With only a slight danger of inappositeness, "Move Over" can be compared with the "Satyricon" of Petronius insofar as both narratives depict the follies and imbecile vices of the "high life" of their different days. No one who has read of Trimalchio's banquet can ever forget it; nor can one forget the cocktails and the adulteries, the sycophants, the continual pettiness, the fundamental evil of the life that Miss Pettit uncovers. Both novels (if by courtesy we may call the Latin fragment a novel) play accurate searchlights on piles of squirming maggots. The literary qualities of the two books are not so easily compared, however. Petronius has lived for practically nineteen centuries; it is unreasonable to suggest that this quite artless modern novel will be remembered more than a few years. The fundamental likeness remains, however, if we assume that "Move Over" is true.

One of the most powerful reasons for believing in the authenticity of Miss Pettit's novel is the fact that it is written without passion. She does not cry out against her characters; she intrudes no comment, direct or implied, against their way of life. She knows that her readers will be drawn on to certain ineluctable conclusions. Having set her plot to unfold the dilemma of a poor man who marries an heiress of fabulous millions and having shown the man's natural desire to keep his self-respect while his wife wishes merely to keep him, Miss Pettit does not bring the novel to an absurdly happy or saccharine conclusion. She sees that a tragic ending is logical, and tragedy comes, little by little, into the last quarter of the book until the final situation is profoundly sad. I feel that since the author is thus true to her implications of tragedy she has in all likelihood also given us the truth of the background against which her characters carry on their follies.

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Therefore "Move Over" is to be recommended as a hard, merciless, and at times revolting portrait of our wealthy idiots at their play. It has no grace nor literary sophistication, and it is in no sense polite. No one can read it without at times being shocked; some of the dialogue is more outspoken than anything that I have read outside of bootlegged literature. There is hardly a ray of sunshine in the whole novel, and when we reflect that such people exist, that they conduct themselves according to such an abominable code, we must relapse into the attitude of Swift towards his Yahoos. But there is power in "Move Over," a cruel power progressing

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efficiently towards its goal. That many readers will enjoy the novel is unlikely, for the average person will confuse his dislike of the characters with his estimate of the intrinsic worth of the narrative. But for the hardy and the catholic, for those who are willing to breathe for a time the foulness of an alien stench, the novel will be compounded of unusual and striking excellences.

Salutation

By T. S. Eliot

The Hand of the Lord Was Upon Me:—*e vo significando.*

LADY, three white leopards sat under a juniper tree
In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety
On my legs, my heart, my liver and that which had been contained
In the hollow round of my skull. And God said
Shall these bones live? Shall these
Bones live? And that which had been contained
In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:
Because of the goodness of this Lady
And because of her loveliness, and because
She honors the Virgin in meditation,
We shine with brightness. And I who am here dissembled
Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love
To the posterity of the desert and the fruit of the gourd.
It is this which recovers
My guts, the strings of my eyes, and the indigestible portions
Which the leopards reject. The Lady is withdrawn
In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.
Let the whiteness of bones atone to forgetfulness.
There is no life in them. As I am forgotten
And would be forgotten, so I would forget
Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose. And God said
Prophesy to the wind, to the wind only for only
The wind will listen. And the bones sang chirping
With the burden of the grasshopper, saying

Lady of silences
Calm and distressed
Torn and most whole
Rose of memory
Rose of forgetfulness
Spattered and worshipped
Exhausted and life-giving
Worried reposeful
The single Rose
With worm eaten petals
Is now the Garden
Where all loves end
Terminate torment
Of love unsatisfied
The greater torment
Of love satisfied
End of the endless
Journey to no end
Conclusion of all that
Is inconclusible
Speech without word and
Word of no speech
Grace to the Mother
For the end of remembering
End of forgetting
For the Garden
Where all love ends.

Under a juniper tree the bones sang, scattered and shining.
We are glad to be scattered, we did little good to each other.
Under a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of sand.

Forgetting themselves and each other, united
In the quiet of the desert. This is the land which ye
Shall divide by lot. And neither division nor unity
Matter. This is the land. We have our inheritance.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

IT was good to encounter by chance, in Mr. Drake's bookshop, the learned and friendly Mr. John C. Eckel, bibliographer of Dickens and bibliophile-at-large. For it was Mr. Eckel who once made me a present of the very rare first edition of that well-loved old book *Dreamthorp* (1863) which is not easy to find nowadays in any edition at all. And I remind myself that it would not be right to let Christmas approach without the annual mention of *Dreamthorp*. It is now sixty-five years since Alexander Smith sat down to write the Christmas paper included in that book—an essay that still remains one of the soberest and sweetest things ever written about our strange Festival. That, surely, is one of the books that live up to the Bed-Book qualities described by H. M. Tomlinson in *Old Junk*—

> There are a few books which go with midnight, solitude, and a candle. It is much easier to say what does not please us than what is exactly right. The book must be anyhow, something benedictory by a sinning fellowman. Cleverness would be repellent at such an hour. Cleverness, anyhow, is the level of mediocrity today; we are all too infernally clever. The first witty and perverse paradox blows out the candle. Only the sick in mind crave cleverness, as a morbid body turns to drink. The late candle throws its beams a great distance; and its rays make transparent much that seemed massy and important. The mind at rest beside that light, when the house is asleep, and the consequential affairs of the urgent world have diminished to their right proportions because we see them distantly from another and a more tranquil place in the heavens where duty, honour, witty arguments, controversial logic on great questions, appear such as will leave hardly a trace of fossil in the indurated mud which presently will cover them—the mind then certainly smiles at cleverness.
>
> For though at that hour the body may be dog-tired, the mind is white and lucid, like that of a man from whom a fever has abated. It is bare of illusions. It has a sharp focus, small and star-like, as a clear and lonely flame left burning by the altar of a shrine from which all have gone but one. A book which approaches that light in the privacy of that place must come, as it were, with honest and open pages.

Dreamthorp is a book that lives up to those high requirements; I don't happen to know anywhere you can get it nowadays except in Thomas Mosher's (Portland, Maine) edition which costs four dollars. It was excellent news, by the way, to read in the Mosher catalogue that there has been a reprinting of Compton Leith's *Sirenica* ($3).

* * *

Also I cannot let slip the annual occasion to remind you that the best of all places to go surprise-hunting is the Book-room of the Oxford Press at 35 West Thirty-second Street. Never in all its history has that philosophic alcove been crowded; nowhere will you find a more bashful and pleased surprise than on the faces of its staff when anyone comes in to buy a book. Nowhere will you find so many of the books that not everybody reads, and find them portable, beautiful, and inexpensive. Of course they aren't all cheap and portable, for there's the new Oxford English Dictionary, which costs (if you insist on having it in half morocco) almost as much as the new flivver. But the editors, Sir James Murray, Drs. Bradley and Craigie, and Mr. Onions (who knows his books) have worked out an excellent instalment plan by which the reliable customer can spread his payments over many months. The O.E.D. was begun in 1857 and the Press's own words are not exaggerated—"the greatest modern example of the enduring value of patient scholarship directed toward a high ideal. A dictionary with a history like that of a great cathedral; a dictionary for which great men have lived and among whose pages have breathed their last."

* * *

Among the randoms that have found their way into The Folder lately is the fact that a first issue (1903) of the first edition of the First Part of Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* was listed by Edgar H. Wells and Co. at $1850. And also that the Boston newspapers print every week an In Memoriam notice for those killed by the automobiles in the State of Massachusetts.

* * *

A well known literary name caught my eye in the Petite Correspondence of *La Vie Parisienne*:

> ANGLAIS isolé parmi les palmiers des Iles Antilles, en attendant prochain retour en France, désire corresp. avec gentille et jolie marraine parisienne désint. Photo si poss. ANDREW LANG, poste restante Barbados, B. W. I.

* * *

Our cheerful Australian correspondent, Harley Matthews, author and wine-grower, sends us a clipping from the Red Page of the Sydney *Bulletin*:

> I knew Joseph Conrad fairly well, and sailed with him.
>
> I have a notion that he hoped, at one time, to make a living as a black-and-white artist. He carried a supply of Indian ink and paper, and made a lot of drawings. I may have had a sea-urchin's ideas of art, but they seemed to me to be first-rate drawings. Anyhow, he could turn out a pretty wench, with a fine leg on her.
>
> He was like every sailor I ever met in the old days, terribly anxious when at sea to get the voyage done and be clear of the ship. Ashore, no doubt, he had periods of longing to be afloat again.
>
> He hated passengers. A great many of the old windjammer officers were like that. I was in the Torrens with him. She was a fine composite, full-rigged ship that could sail like a witch. In the London papers she used to advertise "A health and pleasure voyage. Stewardess carried; also a cow." The passengers were 90 per cent. consumptives. The ship had no artificial heating, and in colder latitudes her cabins were damp and chill as a well. 'Way down in the tropic calms the same cabins were Hell-holes. No wonder the poor health-and pleasure-seekers died in a hurry! We had many a passenger's funeral and Conrad always looked happy.
>
> He was a capital ship's officer, capable and courageous, but inclined to dream a little. One fine Sunday morning, when the passengers were below at church service, there happened to be a vessel coming towards us sailing a course that was likely to take her across our bows. The way the wind was it was our duty to keep clear of her. Conrad carried on, and when the Old Man came on deck it looked very much as if the ships would come into collision. The skipper hated Conrad, and in front of a crowd of passengers made a great powwow of averting the disaster. Conrad was a gentleman, and the cold disdain he showed the captain was a caution. The Old Man was red as a turkey-cock, and spluttered all over the poop, but without saying a word Conrad had the best of the argument.
>
> I have never seen an officer held in more respect or better liked by the crew than Conrad was. Sailors and boys all swore by him.
>
> And yet—and yet I have never read a book he wrote!
>
> Ben Gun.

* * *

As I have occasionally been tempted to seem discourteous to the Modern Language Association and the theories of literature expressed in some of its researches, it is the greater pleasure to allude here to a remarkably interesting paper in the December issue of its quarterly Publications. The article I refer to is on Keats and Mary Tighe, by Earle Vonard Weller, and seems to me of the greatest importance to students of Keats. The admiration that Keats felt for the poetry of Mrs. Tighe, an Irishwoman (1772-1810), has been casually alluded to by the biographers; but surely no one before has shown how profoundly her imagery had sunk into his mind. I confess it is startling to find that in some of his most famous poems—*Endymion*, for example, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*—he echoed her phraseology with the most singular exactness. Mr. Weller has in press a reprint of the 1811 volume of Mrs. Tighe's poems, in which he has noted more than four hundred parallels between Keats's lines and those of the Irish poetess. No one experienced in the workings of a poet's mind will draw unwarranted conclusions; but Mr. Wells's statement seems valid that Mary Tighe, even more than Spenser or Shakespeare, was a formative influence on Keats's taste. This is quite new ground, I think, in Keats criticism, and the 1811 volume of Mrs. Tighe now becomes an important item for Keats collectors. According to Mr. Weller it was issued in America also in 1812—has anyone seen it? Certainly it was news to me that until about ten years ago a sonnet by Mrs. Tighe had been printed in all the editions of Keats as supposedly his. ("To George Keats, Written in Sickness"). He had copied it out for his brother George in a letter.

Christopher Morley.

Mr. Esdaile, the secretary of the British Museum, who till recently was president of the Johnson Society and before that of the Johnson Club, states, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, that the recent purchase of the Boswell papers by Colonel Isham "clears the character of the three trustees to whom Boswell entrusted his papers from the charge of absolute carelessness. It is true that they did not arrange to publish any of them as he had expected, but hitherto it had been supposed that they handed them over without precaution to the family, who were ashamed of their father, and that the papers had been destroyed. The family was careless; it allowed mice to tear up most of the Boswell manuscript, but the other papers, 'a very mixed bag,' are not damaged."

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Books of Special Interest

Elizabethans

THE ORGANIZATION AND PERSONNEL OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN COMPANY. By THOMAS WHITFIELD BALDWIN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1927.

THE COURT MASQUE: A Study in the Relationship Between Poetry and the Revels. By ENID WELSFORD. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan). 1927.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

MANY years of hard study and technical research have gone into Professor Baldwin's remarkable volume, which may almost be said to pursue things unattempted yet in Shakespearean criticism. The ambitious task he has essayed has three parts: (1) To work out from the extant documents of every kind—company patents, theatrical lawsuits, actor lists of particular plays, prompters' jottings in play texts, theatre "plots," etc.—the precise personnel of the different groups of Shakespeare's business associates (principal actors, "housekeepers," hired men, and apprentices) from the time the poet began his career till his company was disbanded in 1642; (2) to deduce the nature of the work which each of these individuals did, and even the parts each acted in the various plays; and (3) to advance the extremely interesting thesis that Shakespeare's dramatic work was conditioned in a degree hitherto unsuspected by the minute human peculiarities of the changing body of men to whose histrionic measure (by Professor Baldwin's hypothesis) he carefully tailored each successive play.

Professor Baldwin holds, in opposition to the view recently championed by high authorities, that Shakespeare was through his whole life associated with only one company, which he joined either as apprentice or hired man as early as 1587 and loyally served thereafter, winning a modest competence and reasonable popularity, but less of both than has been commonly supposed. He argues that the chief parts in his plays were composed quite definitely to express the personality of the actors who were to perform them, these actors being therefore described both physicially and morally by their rôles. Thus the difference in character between the Falstaff of "Henry IV" and of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is explained by the assumption that the former was created as a register for Thomas Pope, the latter for John Lowin. So Iago is made twenty-eight years old because Lowin, who interpreted him, was in his twenty-eighth year when "Othello" was produced; Hamlet is made thirty and fat because these things were true of Burbage in 1603; and Kent announces himself to have forty-eight years on his back to accord with the actual age of Heminge when "Lear" was written. The fact that Prospero, at the opening of Act IV of "The Tempest," finds it fitting to give his prospective son-in-law, Ferdinand, a rather fulsome moral lecture is accounted for by the supposition that Ferdinand was played by Underwood, whose histrionic "line" was the princely rascal. The audience, we are to understand, would know Underwood of old and feel the warning well applied, though of course nothing that Ferdinand does or says in our text of the play gives it special relevance.

Thus, as Professor Baldwin summarizes his position,

> Shakespeare's plays represent not only his own individual invention but also the collective invention of his company. . . . His story must contain, or be capable of having inserted, a major part for each major actor in the company, and this part must be in the "line" of that major actor. . . . He could not develop along certain lines, however much he might desire to do so, unless there was proper material within his company for the presentation of his idea.

Hence Professor Baldwin draws some large conclusions: the fact that Shakespeare's early plays are predominantly comic arises from the predominance of comic talent in the company before 1595; when Richard Burbage rose to eminence as a tragic actor and the new blood introduced into the company proved to be of a serious complexion, Shakespeare turned to serious and finally tragic or bitter themes; when the company happened to be particularly well supplied with capable apprentices his plays exploited the women's parts; finally, when his company took over the Blackfriars' Theatre in 1608 and with it a *clientèle* habituated to tragicomedy, as well as two new actors whose reputation lay in that line, Shakespeare himself resorted to tragicomedy.

It would be neither safe nor gracious to undertake to pass judgment in a few general sentences upon so intricate a tissue of argument. Readers who may remain convinced that the body of ascertainable fact is too frail to support the imposing mass of deduction that Professor Baldwin builds upon it will yet be in his debt for some brilliant and provocative theories and for a quite masterly sifting of what facts there are. The book is undeniably of the class that advances knowledge and opens new avenues of research. No balanced and informed person can read it without profit.

Miss Welsford's book on the court masque can be highly commended. For comprehensiveness and also for the value of its original observations it is probably the best among a number of excellent recent works on the subject. Part One, "The Origin and History of the Masque," gives in about two hundred and fifty pages the development of the *genre* from pagan festivals and medieval mummings down to the final brilliances of the masque under Charles I. The specific relation of certain Italian and French productions to the Jonsonian masque is pointed out, and the astounding beauty and rightness of Jonson's conception of this form of art very justly presented. Part Two, "The Influence of the Masque," contains some brilliant esthetic writing in four chapters entitled as follows: The Influence of Poetry on the Masque (in particular Ben Jonson's contribution); The Influence of the Masque on the Drama (a general survey of Elizabethan drama); The Influence of the Masque on Poetry (particularly the poetry of Spenser and Milton); and The Masque Transmuted (a discussion of the masque-like features in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest"). A Third Part, which completes the book, analyzes the three shaping principles which Miss Welsford discerns in the evolution of the masque: Mumming, the expression of *joie-de-vivre*; Misrule, rebellion against the humdrum; and Hymen, the spirit of social unity.

Pagan Tribes

NATURAL MAN: A RECORD FROM BORNEO. By CHARLES HOSE. Macmillan.

DR. HOSE, as resident of Sarwak, had long opportunity to observe the minds and manners of the diverse peoples with whom he had to deal. Every comment bears the stamp of authenticity. The reader feels that he is describing Borneo food with the tang of the vegetable condiments still in his mouth; and his remarks on the difficulties of sleeping in a Borneo Long House conjure up a complete picture of an adaptable European making a night of it in the gallery with the bachelors, the dogs, and the chickens. This faculty for conveying a sense of first hand contact with all his material is combined with an almost uncanny knack of packing dry, routine facts of weights and dimensions so ingeniously into the middle of a paragraph that the reader never trips over them. And yet the specialist in search of precise details can find them ready to his hand so that the scientific value of the book loses as little as is humanly possible when a popular presentation is used. (The reader in search of more elaborate statement about the people whom Dr. Hose describes, can find it in "The Pagan Tribes of Borneo" which Dr. Hose published in collaboration with Dr. McDougall in 1912.)

The author's wide knowledge of the history of Borneo and the East Indies and this happy faculty for relating weighty matters lightly make "Natural Man" an ethnographic monograph which is also fascinating general reading, offering few temptations to skip. The reader who wishes to obtain a picture of the life of a primitive people without being harassed by lists of variant customs, native words, and technical, unfamiliar phraseology, will find here a complete and convincing account of the native inhabitant of Borneo, of how he builds his house, plants his rice fields, legislates regarding the ownership of caves containing edible birds' nests, and ends a political harangue with the deprecatory statement, "Make allowance for my words. I am drunk."

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Books of Special Interest

Old Romance Recast

TRISTAN AND ISOLT. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY J. KUNITZ

ONCE more an English poet, journeying to Castle Tintagel high on the Cornish cliffs, anatomizes the intricate destiny of a lovely woman, a gallant knight, and a cuckold who is king. Although John Masefield's "Tristan and Isolt" follows hard on the heels of Mr. Robinson's memorable "Tristram" in date of American publication, it is actually the earlier production, having been performed in England in February of this year. It is an interesting commentary in the peculiarity of genius that although both poets have dipped their buckets into the same deep well they have brought different waters to the surface. Recreating an old romance, they have diverged in form, story, and perspective. Masefield has stamped his variation of the theme with a personality that is totally alien to Robinson's, being more vigorous and less subtle, so that something is added and much is taken away.

"Tristan and Isolt" is no closet drama, but a swift, hearty play that moves incisively through various and colorful incidents to its tragic conclusion. Indulging in no pomp of rhetoric, Masefield has written a limpid blank verse that at its best is beguilingly simple and refreshing, at its worst prosaically uninspired. Nothing remains to haunt one with the immemorial mystery of beauty unless it be Isolt's plaintive lament for Tristan.

. . . . The brook will run down
Over the shingle to sea; and the corncrake call;
And the honeysuckle, up in the glen, drowse sweetness;
And the moon come over the hill: mother shall have them,
Not I: I shall not have them. What shall I have?
Some sky for the two wild swans to be wing in wing,
Some holly thicket for the stag and his deer,
Some space in heaven, where I, the comet, will seek
My mate, past withering orbs and moons gone blind,
For centuries to come.

The character-portrayal is not quite convincing, for Masefield oscillates between the modern critical spirit and the ancient romanticism. This confusion of attitude vitiates his apparent intention to tear the shimmering web of illusion from a celebrated love and show it to be unclean. The most successful characterization, perhaps because it is the most consistently sympathetic, is that of King Marc. This hot and valorous Tristan, this Isolt who is wanton and violent and cruel, somehow fail to be impressive. They are merely stupid, passionate children. But "sorrow has nobled" Marc.

"He is greater than we two, Tristan," cries Isolt in a bitter moment of understanding, and so, unceremoniously jilting the lover with whom she has fled, she returns in penitence to Tintagel, where her husband magnanimously forgives her. He is soon killed, however, in battle; Tristan, whom the Queen orders (incredibly) to be flogged, dies of his wounds and a broken heart; after which, Isolt stabs herself over his body. Curtain.

Like so many of the author's longer works in both prose and verse, this dramatic piece exhibits a native story-telling genius, but one that lacks sound architechtonic sense. Among other things it is difficult to understand why the accidental drinking of the love potions—a bit of archaic business that is utterly false in relation to the rest of the action—has been retained to explain the quite natural flaming of passion in two young hearts.

This "Tristan and Isolt" is generally effective and superficially lucid and sometimes beautiful and once or twice terribly wise, but it is hardly memorable or important. Perhaps Mr. Masefield has not been ambitious enough.

Swedish Art

THE MODERN DECORATIVE ARTS OF SWEDEN. By ERIK WETTERGREN. Malmö Museum. (American-Scandinavian Foundation). 1926

Reviewed by CHANDLER R. POST
Harvard University

THE principal value of this book, designed for the American reader as an enlarged and revised English translation of an earlier French edition, is that it constitutes an unintentional rebuke to the shortcomings of the crafts in our own blessed country. As an exposition of the condition of the decorative arts in Sweden in the present generation, it is not without its defects. The different branches of craft in which Sweden has won distinction are, to be sure, introduced in orderly succession, the weaving of textiles, the making and binding of books, the production of glass and ceramics, the work in iron, pewter, and other metals, the manufacture of furniture and wall-paper. The student, however, who is looking for a lucid analysis of the processes of the decorative arts as practiced in Sweden is likely to be disappointed. There is some discussion of these topics, as well as of the genesis and historical evolution of the various kinds of craft; but too much knowledge on the part of the reader is taken for granted, and the simple facts about the methods of workmanship are likely to be sacrificed for turgid and rather vague descriptive language. An example is the treatment of the technical modes employed in the glass industry.

But perhaps we demand too much from a book that makes no great pretensions and desires little more than to call to general attention Swedish attainments in the phase of art that it undertakes to discuss. The text, after all, is only one-quarter of the volume, and the purpose of the publication is amply realized by the numerous and excellent illustrations gathered together in the other three-fourths of the book and also liberally interspersed among the printed pages. There are likewise included many specimens of that rare object, the good colored reproduction. The substance of the text, moreover, would perhaps emerge as of solider worth, if it were stripped of the somewhat stilted English of the translation and of the rather florid verbiage in which the original, like many another piece of modern continental criticism, is couched but which strikes the Anglo-Saxon ear as inept.

Nevertheless, the history of the successful effort of the Swedes in the several crafts, embodied in the text, combines with the reproductions that incorporate their concrete achievement as quite sufficient to betray, by comparison, American poverty in these aspects of the Fine Arts. The paltriness of the results obtained in the United States is to be ascribed both to lack of conscientious exertion and to failure to comprehend the felicitous conditions that make possible, as in Sweden, the unfolding of a true school of decorative arts. Some of these requisites are stated and emphasized in the present book. One is a practical and thorough organization of the activities of the Arts and Crafts, such as is accomplished by the chief Swedish society, the Svenska Slöjdföreningen. The creator of a textile or piece of furniture must realize, as a second requisite, that previous great periods of art have invariably been developed, not by any such abortive attempts to produce something absolutely new as characterized the movement of *art noveau*, but by a free and ever more original use of the inheritance of the past. A third necessity is the frank acknowledgement of the existence and permanence of modern machinery and the determination to make the artistic best of its possibilities and limitations. Above all, an intelligent alliance must be cemented between manufacturers and individual artists, between industrialism and estheticism, in which the employer shall be willing, if occasion arises, to sacrifice temporary gain and the master-craftsman to accommodate himself to any legitimate demand of modern business. In such concord, indeed, lies the cure of many an evil in the life of our day, not least in the realm of the drama and in the as yet unsolved problem of the moving picture.

Blake is often the most humiliating of authors. If we call upon him to hand over his meaning in response to our ordinary intelligent interest, he seems to be the very soul of evasion. . . . Experience of this kind has probably occurred to every reader of Blake. But there is another, and this other experience is alone sufficient to account for the perennial and ever-increasing interest he inspires.

Some happy turn of circumstance has made the reader's mind susceptible and sensitive: perhaps some soul-illuminating event has occurred in his own experience. He opens one of Blake's books prepared to receive imaginative suggestions concerning truths of which he is already dimly aware. . . . And lo and behold! every page dances with meaning. He is suddenly transported into a world vivid with understanding: obscurity melts away like morning mist, profound truths loom up on the horizon, and what he sees he sees so clearly that his former bewilderment is incredible.

—Max Plowman, A Note on William Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

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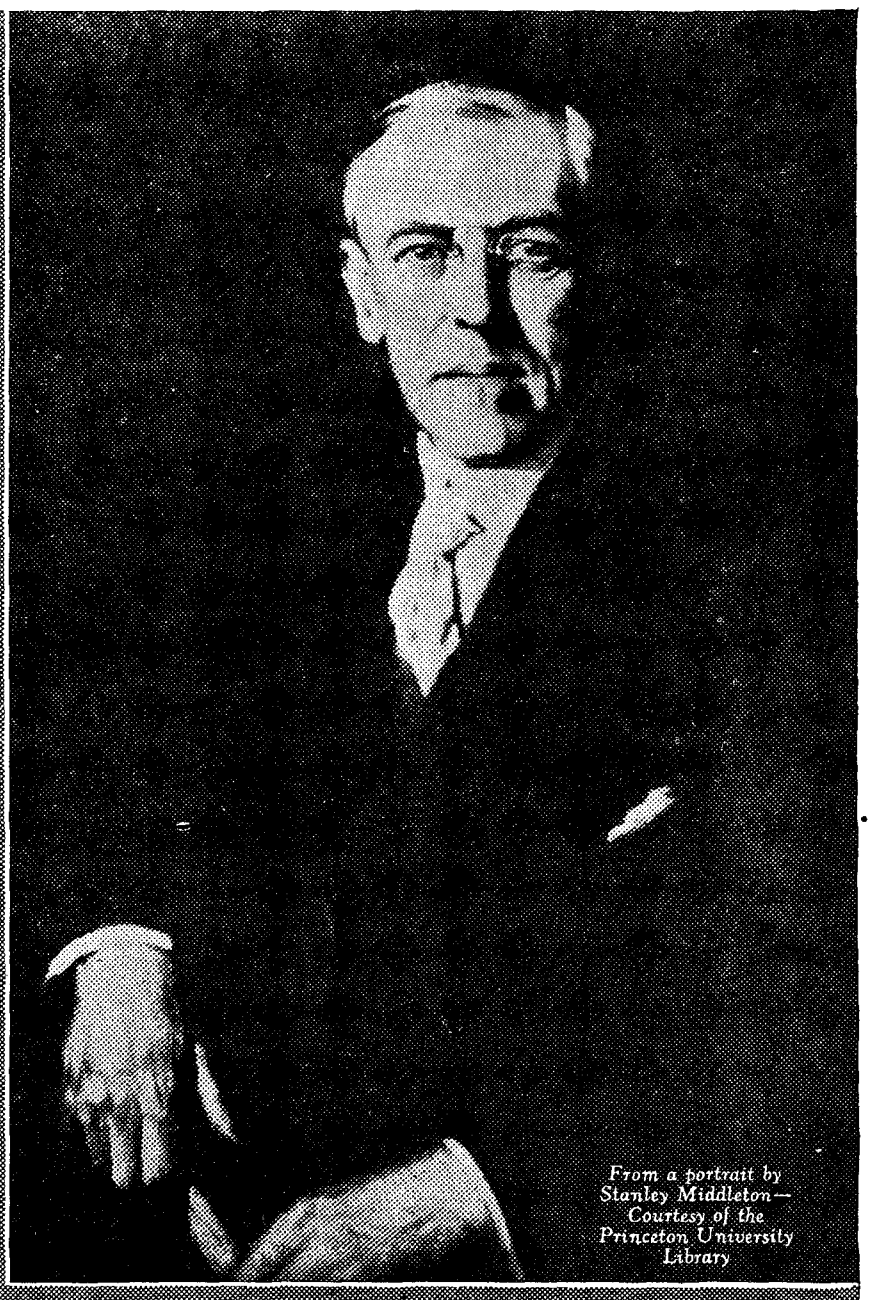

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

TO follow intelligently the course of after-war literature in France, it is not indispensable but most useful to start with a Guide-book in one's pocket. Guide-books must be closed when once you are in the presence of a thing of beauty. But they show the way, and when silent, spare disillusion. Two little Guidebooks to French Contemporary Literature and Ideas have recently been published, one by André Billy (Colin), who is a professional critic of the first rank, and a born journalist withal, the other (Larousse) by M. Daniel Mornet, Sorbonne Professor whose authority is second only to that of M. Lanson.

Both would agree, if they were writing to-day, that the chief literary event of this autumn in Paris is the publication by Gallimard (Nouvelle Revue Française) of two new Marcel Prousts: "Le Temps Retrouvé" in 2 volumes. A collection of his literary articles (1 volume) and a popular edition of the "Hommage à Proust" published after his death by sixty well known writers and critics of all countries, are also out, both at the Nouvelle Revue Française. I cannot give even an approximate idea of the many questions raised by these last and concluding volumes of Marcel Proust's great work. Let it only be remembered that he selected as a general title for his whole series of novels: "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," and that the last two volumes bear as a sub-title: "Le Temps Retrouvé." You will then realize their bearing on the theory of Art. Roughly, briefly, it can be expressed in the following manner: Imagination is our only instrument to enjoy beauty. Unfortunately, we can imagine only what is absent. But "a marvellous dispensation of Nature" allows the artist to feel a remembered sensation as at once in the past and the present, or rather "as being in something common to both and more essential than either." If you take the terms imagination and memory in the largest possible sense, including body and mind, race and individual, then imagination, through memory, recaptures "time in its purity," and clothes it in beauty. Such is the legacy of Marcel Proust, the key to all his work. The ultimate reality lies within ourselves. The object of Art is neither to represent nor to resuscitate the objects of our impressions, but our impressions themselves. In this way only can we defy Death. "Le Temps Retrouvé" is not merely a metaphor. In Proust's case, it was a living truth. When he had discovered it, he gave up everything, and died writing.

* *

MM. Gaument and Cé have written some very good novels of provincial life, especially in Normandy. The first long tale of their new book "J'Aurais Tué" (Grasset) deals with that subject of child criminality which has recently inspired, in Germany and Central Europe, so many gruesome stories. But it deals with it in a very different manner. They situate their young criminals (a young boy, an adolescent girl) within the same surroundings and provide them with the same means of expression as the commonplace heroes of their former novels. Imagine Ungarn in the Norman atmosphere of Maupassant's or Flaubert's "contes de paysans." . . . Even the "detective" element in the two principal tales of "J'Aurais Tué" is saturated with an invincible common sense. MM. Gaument and Cé have their feet firmly planted on the native turf. They may not be, not yet, quite in the first rank, but their psychology is typically French. This is an occasion to mention the great work being done at present by French psychiatry (Dumas, Claude, Minkowski).

M. Henry Bordeaux, faithful to his Savoy, has just published "Rap et Vaga" (Plon) which breathes the purest Alpine air.

* *

Philippe Soupault stands at the antipodes of Academic literature. He is daring, intense, and, ethically irrepressible. He has chosen "Le Nègre" (Simon Kra) as the subject of his last tale and nothing can be more against the grain of bourgeois taste than the matter and manner of this remarkable novel. Soupault's negro is a horribly magnificent type of rascality let loose through Western European civilization, again a symptom of that inter-racial mixture of horror and curiosity, dread and attraction, which is not at all a new fashion in modern Europe (remember Aphra Behn's "Oroonoko"). The book proves nothing if it does not conclusively prove that Philippe Soupault is a narrative and descriptive writer of the very first quality.

M. Constantin Weyer has already written five "histories" on Northern America, especially Canada, among which "La Bourrasque" and "Manitoba" are probably the best known. His "Cavelier de la Salle" recently published (Rieder), makes me wonder whether even the fullest historical studies (such as Parkman's on the same "Cavelier") can ever extract from a great man's life its full amount of humanity. History stops where documents end. Remember Balzac saying "Reality? *We* alone, touch Reality." I like M. Weyer's romanced biography of the first white man who built a hut and lit a fire on the site of Chicago and St. Louis, Peoria, and Detroit. Let me also bring to your notice a generous biography of "Las Cases" by M. Marcel Brion (Plon).

M. Régis Michaud's small book on Emerson's "Esthetic Doctrine" (Felix Alcan) tries in vain to dissimulate, under the modesty of its avowed object ("Un Simple Exposé," says the introduction, i.e. a mere summary) his remarkable grasp both of the scattered Emersonian philosophy of art, and of its relation to contemporary problems. We hear to-day of *Sur-réalists* who consider art as a sport, a kind of intellectual tennis, and of *Néo-Romantics*, who would rather sacrifice action to representation, and make art an expression ever more immediate and direct of life. A parallel to these movements will be discovered, if you read Emerson under M. Michaud's guidance, in his transcendentalism on one side, and his doctrine of imitation, contagious mimetism, on the other.

The "Bibliothèque des Littératures Comparées" (Champion) is well known in American Universities. Some of its volumes deserve to reach a larger public. M. F. Baldensperger's "Orientations Etrangères chez Balzac" is a masterpiece of the "comparative literature" *genre*, almost epic by its thoroughness and movement. The same collection contains a study (in English) of the "Far East in French Literature," by M. W. L. Schwartz, an "Essay on the Influence of Fenimore Cooper in France" (Le Roman de Bas-Je-Cuir) by Miss M. M. Gibb, and a learned book of M. Frank Schoell on "Continental Humanism in Elizabethan England" where his important discoveries on Chapman are further extended.

The Ways of Words

LA SCIENCE DU MOT. TRAITÉ DE SEMANTIQUE. Par A. Carnoy. Louvain: Editions Universitias. 1927.

Reviewed by Benjamin M. Woodbridge

THOSE who have been awakened to the fascination of linguistic phenomena by such books as Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and Their Ways in English Speech" will not fail to welcome Professor Carnoy's "La Science du Mot." It is a work addressed primarily to specialists, but, thanks to its clarity and its handling of the subject-matter, it is sure of a wider audience. It will be of especial value to those interested in French or in stylistics. The scientific student of language will find a systematic treatise, based on amazingly large data; the curious reader will be enlightened, stimulated, or entertained by every page. The formation and the evolution of the meaning and connotation of words in many languages, as affected by phonetic and psychological laws, are traced and classified. For, although the epigraph warns us that everything is in perpetual movement and that words have wings, the author has marked the principles of the flux and the trend of the flight.

* *

He begins with a pregnant analysis of a simple phrase: "There go those accursed big wagons dancing over the stones again with an infernal racket." He notes and defines the rôle of each word and the effect of their combination in the perceptual and emotional presentation of the idea. Words are symbols which indicate, suggest, or recall, ideas; their exact value and color are subject to constant change. The science of semantics is the study of "the relation between the notion and its phonetic sign, as it subsists virtually in the mind, independently of the aspects under which the idea actually presents itself in the thought and the language, that is, in the sentence." The technical austerity of the work is constantly relieved by flashes of humor which arise from the considerable attention given to familiar speech and to slang. This procedure at once vividly illustrates and enlivens the argument.

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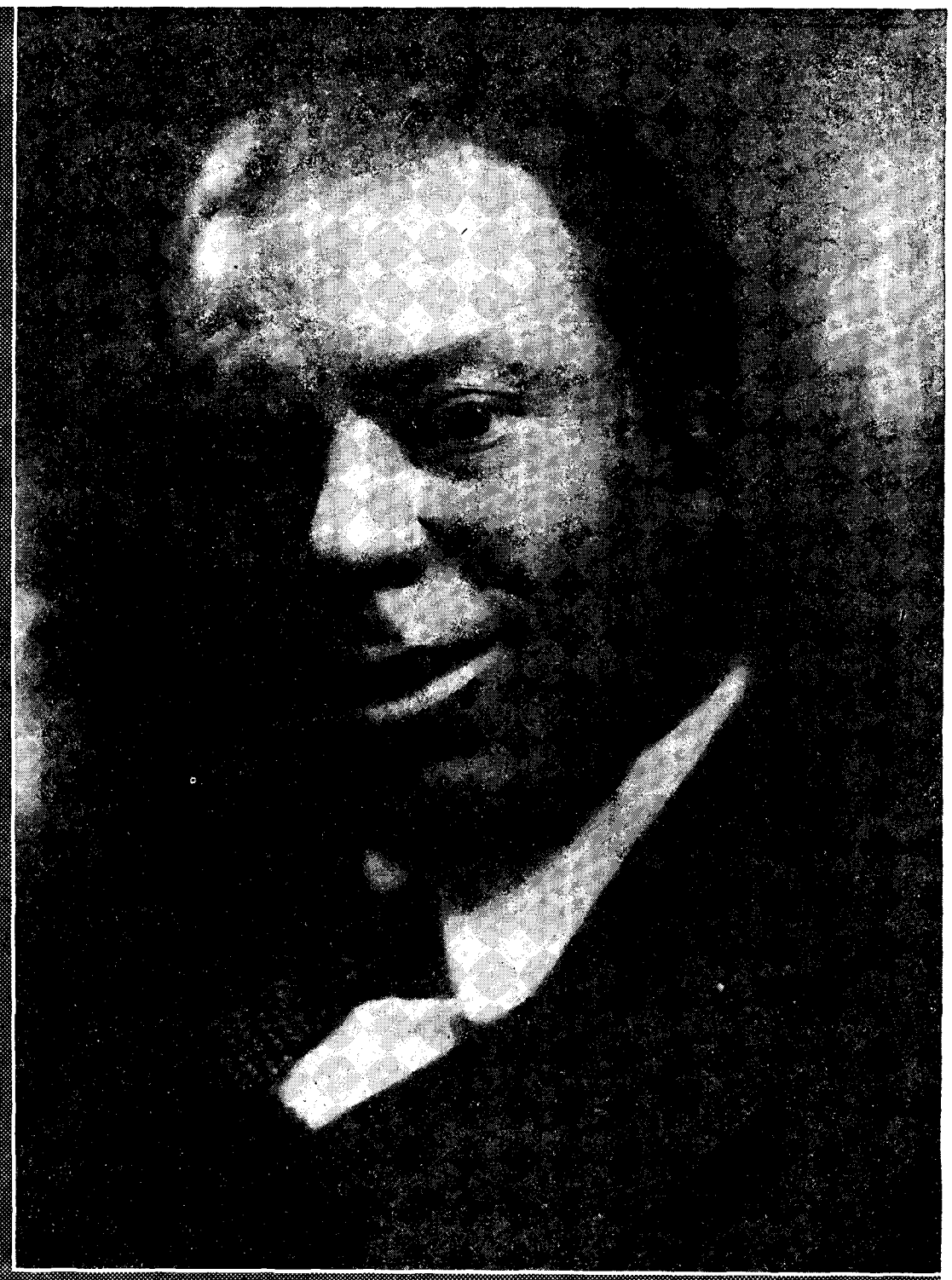

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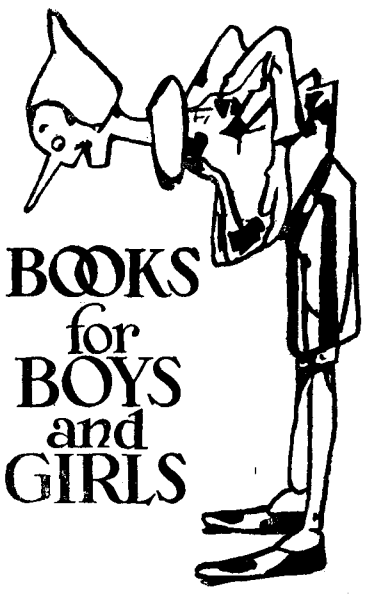

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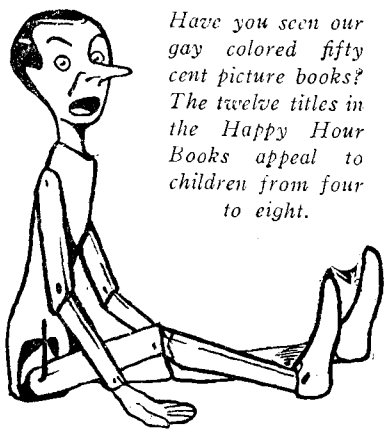

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 9. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Christmas carol in the American vernacular. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 19.)

Competition No. 11. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the politest copy of verses to an old enemy wishing him an unhappy new year. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 26.)

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

THE SEVENTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the most trenchant rhymed epigram on the passing of the old model Ford.

(Prize award postponed)

APOLOGIES are due to competitors, especially those in the South and West (who were not much assisted by air mails and special delivery), on account of some errors that recently crept into the time schedule of the Wits' Weekly. The normal schedule is planned always to allow sixteen full days between the first announcement of each new competition and the day on which entries are required to reach the Competitions' Editor. In spite of the curtailment of that time there was a large crop of entries for the seventh competition. Too many were neither trenchant nor epigrammatic and even the best were disappointing. On the whole Model T was affectionately regarded. There were innumerable variations on *Eleanor S. Riley's* theme

Eager she leapt from thank-you-ma'am to jolt,
Like hope she soared aloft to fall again,
Lavish in strewing of each screw and bolt,
Yet for her every vice she'd virtues ten.

and J. D. C.'s—

Oh, Lizzie, many hours of ease,
We've sacrificed to cure your wheeze;

R. A. T. S. went one better with

I'll miss, when, with the dodo you have passed,
Your startled fits of coughing in the night
Outside my bedroom window—when the last
Of your once rattling throng is gone from sight.
Old chariot of tin, I'll miss your noise,
Your tonneaus loaded down with honest folk,
Or ruins, epigrammed by college boys—
But most of all I'll miss the flivver joke.

But none of these was really epigrammatic in spirit. *Glenn C. Compton* caught something more than the mere manner of the epigram in "The Old Order Passeth."

Empires large and mighty thrive and have their day;
Dead long since the singer, forgotten is his song;
Passes now Old Henry, berated, yes,
But stay—
Fifteen million flivvers couldn't have been wrong!

He does at least attempt to flourish the sting in his tail; but his second line is forced. A number of entries dealing with the recent Sapiro case were disqualified for irrelevance though *Maurice A. Hanline* excelled with

Ring out wild bells! The car so long despised
Is kosher now. Ford had it circumcised.
Carved on each fender Palestinian views,
And on the bumper "Justice to the Jews!"

Ralph-Rolls-Royceter-Doyster was more ingenious in his pseudonym than in his epigram. *Maybell A. Winter* and *Harry T. Baker* deserve honorable mention, and *Robert E. Spiller* struck a romantic note in

How can we face the generations still to come,
We who have ended war and sheathed the sword?
Before their right to high adventure we are dumb,
Thieves who have robbed the unborn of their Ford!

Anna Bird Stewart burlesqued Ben Jonson in one of her three entries.

Underneath this hood hath been
Golden virtues wrought in tin.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
(She's gained dignity with death.)

This was even better than

Henry's daughter, Edsel's sister . . .
Death, you know not how we missed her.

Genevieve Frazier Perrine telegraphed her epigram.

I've been a good car all my life;
As I've lived so will I die.
I'll shiver my fenders in one last spurt
And cross the bar on high.

David Heathestone spoiled some good lines by his clumsy metre. There remained *H. L. Shutts,* and the Housmanic *A. E. Hausfrau* whose "epigrams" are printed below. No one entry seemed to me indisputably better than the half dozen best. The prize is therefore withheld for the time being. Each of the competitors whose names are mentioned above may, if he or she likes, offer an alternative entry before December 26th. Both the old and the new epigrams will be considered in choosing the prize winner and the final award will be announced early in January.

LIZZIE REDIVIVA

In English lanes above Torquay, in Spain and Samarcand,
In Argentine and far Cathay, and many another land,
I've heard your coughing, wheezing horn, I've smelt your fetid breath
Your mortal rattle so forlorn forewarned me of your death.
But now upon the streets of Gath a whisper may be heard,
In Baden Baden and in Bath, a rumor most absurd,
That you have heard the trumpet call of Gabriel in the skies,
And in the spring or in the fall will soon again arise.

H. L. SHUTTS.

FOR THE DEPARTED FORDS

These, in the day which legs were losing,
The hour when feet did obsolesce,
With clutch and break a bit confusing,
Still entered high by pedal stress.

They uses had for understanding.
Acceleration was but one.
R S
Toward universal H *remanding,*
L H
They've shifted gears and are gone.

A. E. HAUSFRAU.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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Children's Reading

CHILDREN so often blow cold to what seems to us the best book, full of true loveliness, and then fall on the rug in a squabble for the first turn at reading some mere jumble of odds and ends from fancy's five and ten cent store. They appear to like a story because it is a jumble, which is most disconcerting to parental guidance. But after all, the human young are natural scavengers, relishing odds and ends of almost anything, and perhaps it is expecting too much that they shall suddenly become critical of the unity, coherence, and emphasis of books. Their weird inconsequence may be honestly due to natural causes. What about the mysterious processes that the psychologists are serving up to parents now, the span of attention, coördination, subjectivity, all of such late and slow development? Certainly a child's senses present the world to him in bits and spots until such time as experience, the great manager, succeeds in staging an ordered drama. Books must come across in bits, too. A child cannot like a book, only things in books or ways a book has. So often, then, just because of the chaos that spoils it for the adult mind, a thoroughly bad book must prove restful to a child's mind. No complex patterns to bother his wits! Carefree he goes, picking and plucking at will. Be it said to his credit that when he stows away permanent treasures, they are very apt to be of the right color and material as well as the right size whereas he knows well enough that the ordinary bits are mere pebbles for an idle hour, to be played with but not taken home.

Now reverse this matter, and it will be obvious that the ordered wits of the adult resists breakage as bodies do death, and the more nobly sophisticated we are the more difficult it is to break our own pattern into bits handy for a child. It might almost be said at once that this business of sophisticates writing for young savages is an absurdity—and as young savages cannot and probably would not if they could write for themselves the affair looks pretty hopeless. But hope reappears with the thought that our book situation is also a universal situation, that children are always *up against* organization beyond their natural powers, while with each new born babe we encounter all over again a pristine wilderness impossible of conquest except by subjugation. In books as in life, time helps, and soon enough the child will understand all we understand, sadly if not too well. And in the interim he will calmly persist in finding his own treasures, no matter what we do or do not do to help or hinder. Our concern, then, may well be only that the world or the book that we offer to him is alive and beautiful, so that his chosen jewels will not disintegrate between his fingers into dull or wounding fragments.

Indian Tales

RED CROW'S BROTHER. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $1.75.

THE FLAMING ARROW. By CARL MOON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY HUNTER

THE redskin who bit the dust, though he still flourishes in the movies, is nearly extinct in fiction. Instead far more fascinating tales are told of the real Indian people.

But unreality is not a charge to make against James Willard Schultz. He has more than twenty good stories for boys and girls from twelve to sixteen and more, most of them based on his own experiences or those of men he has known among the Indians and frontiersmen. "Red Crow's Brother" belongs near the top of the list. It is a continuation of the adventures of "Rising Wolf," Hugh Monroe, an *engagé* of the Hudson Bay Company. In 1816 at the age of eighteen Munroe went for a second time to live with the Pikuni branch of the Blackfeet and traveled from Mountain Fort over the Canadian border into the northeast corner of what is now Glacier National Park, the first of his race to explore that part of the Great Backbone. What more thrilling setting could any story ask?

Mr. Schultz knew Hugh Monroe as an old man and heard him recount his adventures, and the story as the writer retells it retains the quality of direct narration, the sense of personal engagement which comes of hearing adventures told by the adventurer himself. Rising Wolf's search for the Kootenai, the attack of the Cut Throats, the fight with the Snakes, are all high adventures moving against a background of untouched mountain country.

"The Flaming Arrow," by Carl Moon, requires a geographical leap to the Hopi country of western New Mexico in the pre-Spanish days of the Puebleons. The author is familiar with the country and the outward life of the Pueblos, but he makes use of it as a vivid background for a commonplace type of story full of sudden death, miraculous escapes, intrigues, deeds of prowess and unreality. The involved plot is handled in a bald fashion with the conventional magazine serial suspense. This is a thriller with points—a truly eventful plot and a colorful background—designed for boys and girls who are just reaching the Zane Grey stage, anywhere from fourteen to eighteen.

(*Continued on next page*)

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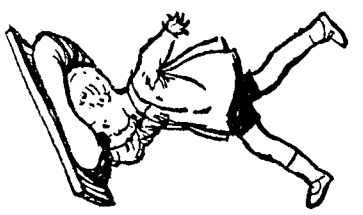

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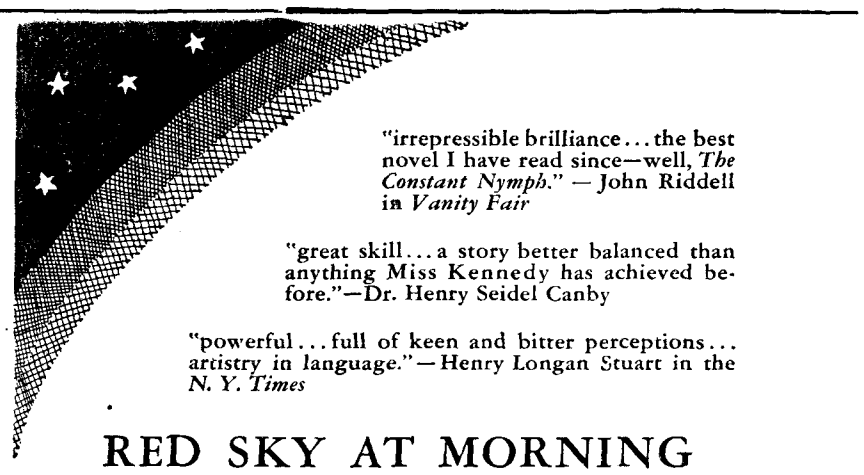

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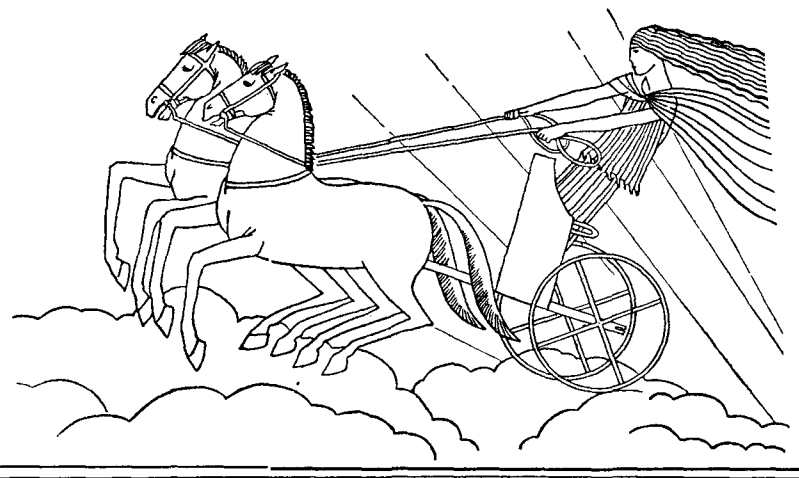

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from preceding page*)

An Unusual Book

SKIPPING VILLAGE. By LOIS LENSKI. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIAN C. DODD

SOME creative artists find their form of expression in color and line, some in words, some in clay or textiles or an indefinite number of other mediums. Few think in terms of two at once. But Miss Lois Lenski seems to have that special gift. Her pictures in this charming book are as constant and spontaneous an expression of her thought as are the chapters and paragraphs in which normally one would expect to find it embodied. The two were obviously inseparable in her imagination. Lucky artist to have access to two modes of expression, each so charmingly supplementing the other! This must account, incidentally, for the generous supply of illustrations. Small and large, sketch and full page picture, their number evidently was limited only by the author's impulse to express fully her own ideas. In the world of child literature we seem to have here a new ideal—pictures and text in equal values.

The text is one of delightful simplicity, of the kind which to a child presents a pleasant and interesting realism. An old-fashioned (but perennially existent) village lives through its round of months with their routine of characteristic homely happenings—school life, family life, play, in all four seasons—and the children of a typical family follow these outwardly simple events with the gusto and vivid interest and healthy enthusiasm of childhood. That is all of the book;—no plot, no thrills. But it is so genuine and so true that any adult reader who happens upon it will feel a real pull upon memories small but deep,—memories not often stirred; and children will find it full of what to them is the real stuff of life. Or if they are so limited mentally to apartment or city life that the book speaks an unfamiliar language—why, all the better for them to absorb it! It will let in fresh air upon their imaginations. They will not fail to pick out with satisfaction, also, the high spots of the village blocks on the delightful map within the book cover, just as they will enjoy at length every fine-drawn detail of the delightful people and animals and objects in the illustrations.

Finally a word should be said about the merry rhymes, each with its little drawing, with which this generous author begins and ends every chapter. They seem to complete the very full measure of this unusual book, whose quaint and attractive jacket is an appropriate sign-post for what awaits within.

Little Italians

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICCHI. By PAOLA LOMBROSO-CARRARA. Translated by MARY ELLEN WOOD CURTIS and MARGUERITE ASPINWALL. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

PAOLA LOMBROSO-CARRARA is distinguished both as a writer of children's books and an active worker in child welfare; her stories have a deserved vogue among younger readers in Italy. Italian children are brought up in perhaps a more definitely childish atmosphere than their Anglo-Saxon contemporaries, and the introductory chapter to "Chicchi" may seem rather too pretty and fanciful to American readers, steeped as it is in the spirit of that sentiment with which early childhood in Italy is so lovingly surrounded. But the stories of Chicchi on earth are very real, characteristic, and amusing; they might have happened to any of Paola Lombroso's circle of little friends, and they give an intimate glimpse of Italian family life which will ring true to anyone who knows Italian children. These are tales that take one straight back to Italy—and especially Turin. They are in the author's happiest and most natural vein, and any American child reading the book will know Chicchi and Mimi and all their little playmates as well as if he had lived with them. I know of no other writer today who more genuinely loves children than Paola Lombroso; many thousands of small readers regard her not only as a favorite writer but an intimate personal friend, and one feels this friendship in every line that she writes. The translation is excellent and the volume as a whole very attractive.

A Tale of the Argonne

FORWARD HO! By PERCY NEWBERRY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN FARRAR

THIS is exactly the sort of book about the war that I hope no child of mine ever reads. I should much rather have him read Thomason, Boyd, or Nason, in spite of the naughty words, than to happen on this dry, undramatic, humorless, dehydrated story which *might* be called "Little Rollo in the Great War."

It is the story of a sixteen-year-old boy who is adopted as a mascot by an American battery and so on. Mr. Newberry has served in the War. His details are apparently accurate; but he has done what would seem to be impossible, he has written a story of the world's greatest calamity without recounting one morbid detail. If his soldiers are killed, he mentions the fact in much the same tone as though they were going in to mess. However, the thing that is most annoying about the book is that it is dull. There is no vividness, no life, no characters that stay in the memory.

It occurs to me that in their zeal for producing "worthwhile" books, the present custodians of juvenile literature overlook the fact that boys as a race like action and drama. I see no reason why they shouldn't have it. The worst thing that could happen to a child is that books as books should come to bore him. It is a pity that there are not more boys' stories written in good and graphic prose. If there were some way of persuading the best writers of the country, each to write one or two juveniles, what a boon it would be! The trouble is, that many of them would write fantasies, and the modern child, although he has not outgrown fancy, wants simple, realistic stories earlier.

Indians and White

AS THE CROW FLIES. By CORNELIA MEIGS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $1.75.

Reviewed by BRAY HAMMOND

THIS is a story of Lieutenant Zebulon Pike's first trip of exploration, and of the reaction of the Indians to his efforts at racial reconciliation. There is accordingly nearly as much idealism in the book as adventure, but it is pretty clearly objectified in the actions of the two principal characters, Natzoon, the Indian boy, and the young Zebulon Pike himself. Without being skilfully done, the book is nevertheless interestingly done, and though the characters never seem very real, there is yet a persuasive recognition of what was dramatic in the first relationships between the Indian possessors of this continent and the aggressive white men, good and bad, who relentlessly supplanted them. Just what the Indian thought as he felt the pressure of our westward expansion, and experienced indiscriminately the good and evil of white contacts, we cannot know, but we can profitably imagine. Similarly we cannot know the emotions of the first whites who penetrated the wildernesses of immemorial savagery, but it is profitable for us to try to imagine that too. Both states of feeling are presented in this story, and any reader adolescent or even older is bound to find in it an impressive historic sense of events that have had more than merely national import.

Suggestions

Certainly early childhood is the golden opportunity for the making of poetry-lovers—which puts one more thing up to the parents. But poetry is modernly efficient in its capacity for giving the best in the short space of time available in most households for reading aloud! And parents can please themselves—children love the sound of poetry even when the sense is beyond them, so the readings need not stop with Milne. We suggest poetry at bedtime, particularly for the high strung child, instead of the usual "exciting story."

Now that we are all apt to be born with silver spoons in our mouth, grandmothers or aunts who used to give one spoon each Christmas and birthday might take to books, perfectly in sets. This suggestion is as old as family spoons, but may appropriately come out bright and shining each Christmas time.

For brief reviews see page 442

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

INDUSTRIAL ART AND THE MUSEUM. By *Charles R. Richards*. Macmillan. $1.50.

CEZANNE. By *Julius Meier-Graefe*. Scribners. $22.50.

FUN AND FANTASY: Drawings from *Punch*. By *Ernest H. Shepard*. Dutton. $5.

DEGAS. By *Ambrose Vollard*. Greenberg. $3.

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN IN CONCRETE. By *T. P. Bennett*. Oxford University Press. $10.

Belles Lettres

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Sears. 1927. $1.75.

The publishers assure us that "a famous novelist tells here how he peers deep into the human mind." We have never read any of Mr. Roche's novels and are in no position to question his fame, but the psychology thus prefaced does not seem very deep nor does it arouse in us any passionate desire after his novels. It suggests a somewhat hard, dry, positive realism, ridden by dogmas and based on psycho-analysis (whatever that is supposed to be; and in the hands of the pathologist it is something; in the hands of the novelist it is almost anything).

Mr. Roche advances two main propositions: first that all men are alike, and second, that there is nothing to any man except his body and his mind. "Members of any particular species do not vary, save in a faint degree." Their differences are of no consequence, merely "recognition points like the numbers in convicts. There is no real variation from type in any of the works of nature. There are various distinct types, but the members of each type are not merely similar; to all intents and purposes, save those of identification, they are the same." And mentally we are as much the same as we are physically. Hence what I know about you is merely what I know about myself, "Soul" is but a word for a phase of the mind. All impulses and actions are deductions from the primary motive of self protection.

Such brief quotations and epitomes do not of course do justice to Mr. Roche, who writes cogently, if somewhat repetitiously. We think both his psychology and biology very dubious, more perhaps because of dogmatism and overstatement than otherwise. As the spirit of Darwin in humility, simplicity, and devotion is something like the spirit of St. Francis, so Mr. Roche is something like, in narrow range and banging assertion, let us say, a Methodist exhorter. At any rate, no difference between one person and another person and no *motif* in any of them but self protection *is an amazingly poor creed for a novelist.* The gospel of psycho-analysis will not save a soul which does not exist. Basarov in Turgeniev's "Fathers and Sons" asserted the same biological psychology in much the same words: "All people are like one another in soul as in body—the slight variations are of no importance. A simple human specimen is sufficient to judge of all. People are like trees in a forest, no botanist would think of studying each individual birch tree." It is a better creed for a nihilist than for a novelist.

THE VISION, OR INFERNO, PURGATORIO, AND PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Rendered into English by David James Mackenzie. Longmans, $5.

THE REALM OF LITERATURE. By *Henry W. Wells*. Columbia University Press. $2.

LEAVES AND FRUIT. By *Sir Edmund Gosse*. Scribners. $2.75.

DEMOCRATIC DISTINCTION IN AMERICA. By *W. C. Brownell*. Scribners. $2.50.

INTERPRETERS OF NATURE. By *Sir George Newman*. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

Biography

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-DETECTIVE. By FRANCIS CARLIN. Doran. 1927. $5.

The author of these reminiscences joined the Metropolitan Police in 1890 and was assigned to a Limehouse beat. In 1919 he became a C. I. D. Superintendent, one of the "Big Four." Last year he resigned and, as is the custom of Scotland Yard officials, wrote a book. In it he describes a dozen and a half of the crimes that gave him employment during his thirty-six years of policing. It is not likely that they were the most interesting dozen and a half, in either commission or detection. In Mr. Carlin's account of them can be found no sign of any considerable intelligence on either side of the law, of daring desperation, or any of the more colorful emotions. Mr. Carlin's trade was the catching of criminals and the assembling of sufficient evidence to convict them. His success at his trade was largely due to his never bothering his head with anything beyond it. In these 265 pages you will find no hint of interest in—or even awareness of—motives, relationships, characteristics that are subtler, more intricate, than the multiplication table. Mr. Carlin's two twos always make four, never twenty-two. Two chapters devoted to "The Methods of the Scotland Yard Man" are neither thorough nor clearly informative. A chapter on "The Psychology of the Criminal" is intelligent, but adds nothing to what has been previously published on the subject. In "Comparative Murderers of Recent Years," Mr. Carlin sets out to portray the minds of Crippen, Armstrong, True, Mahon, and Thorne, decides that one was callous, one smug, one vain, and so on, and lets it go at that. The book is written with that smugness which, characteristic of famous detectives addressing lay audiences, reaches its finest development when the sleuth is British. It is not the most interesting book in its field, nor the least. It is a volume for the confirmed crime-history addict, not for him who can take his crimes or let them alone.

HOME, A NEW ZEALANDER'S ADVENTURE. By ALAN MULGAN. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.75.

This rambling account of the first visit of a New Zealander to England contains a chapter, "Impressions and Convictions," filled with a subtly humorous, shrewd, and penetrating appraisal of British character, policies, and customs which deserves wider circulation than it is likely to receive, hidden in a traveler's diary. "His greatest moral asset is his incapacity to hate" and "the Englishman has no more precious quality than his good humor" assist in explaining both how it was possible for Britain to resume so quickly its trade with the Central Powers and the football games between police and strikers during the General Strike, which would in any other country have occasioned considerable bloodshed.

The defense of British conservatism, both in society and business, may not be entirely convincing, though it is worth considering. The comparisons between the methods of England and New Zealand are illuminating and so are the illustrations of the mental processes of "a nation which could put aside logical processes so calmly and completely, and do what was expedient at the moment without regard for consistency" and hence "was magnificently equipped for the practical business of life." This is certainly the ultimate degree of pragmatism.

LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL OF ARABIA. Edited by Lady Bell. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $10.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON. By *Cleveland Chase*. McBride. $1 net.

DO YOU REMEMBER? By *Marjorie Seymour Watts*. Four Seas.

VARINA HOWELL. By *Eron Rowland*. Macmillan. $4.

THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY. By *Floyd Gibbons*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

LATER YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

WASHINGTON SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF. By *Lucretia Perry Osborn*. Scribners. $3.50.

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER. By *Constance Grosvenor Alexander*. Harvard University Press.

LETTERS FROM THE CAPE. By *Lady Duff Gordon*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Drama

THE YALE SHAKESPEARE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Edited by Stanley Williams. Yale University Press.

THE YALE SHAKESPAERE: VENUS AND ADONIS, LUCRECE, AND THE MINOR POEMS. Edited by Albert Feuillerat. Yale University Press.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE BELT. By *Paul Sifton*. Macaulay. $2.

THREE MINUTE PLAYS. By *Percival Wilde*. Greenberg. $2.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA. By *Arthur Hobson Quinn*. Harpers. 2 vols. $10.

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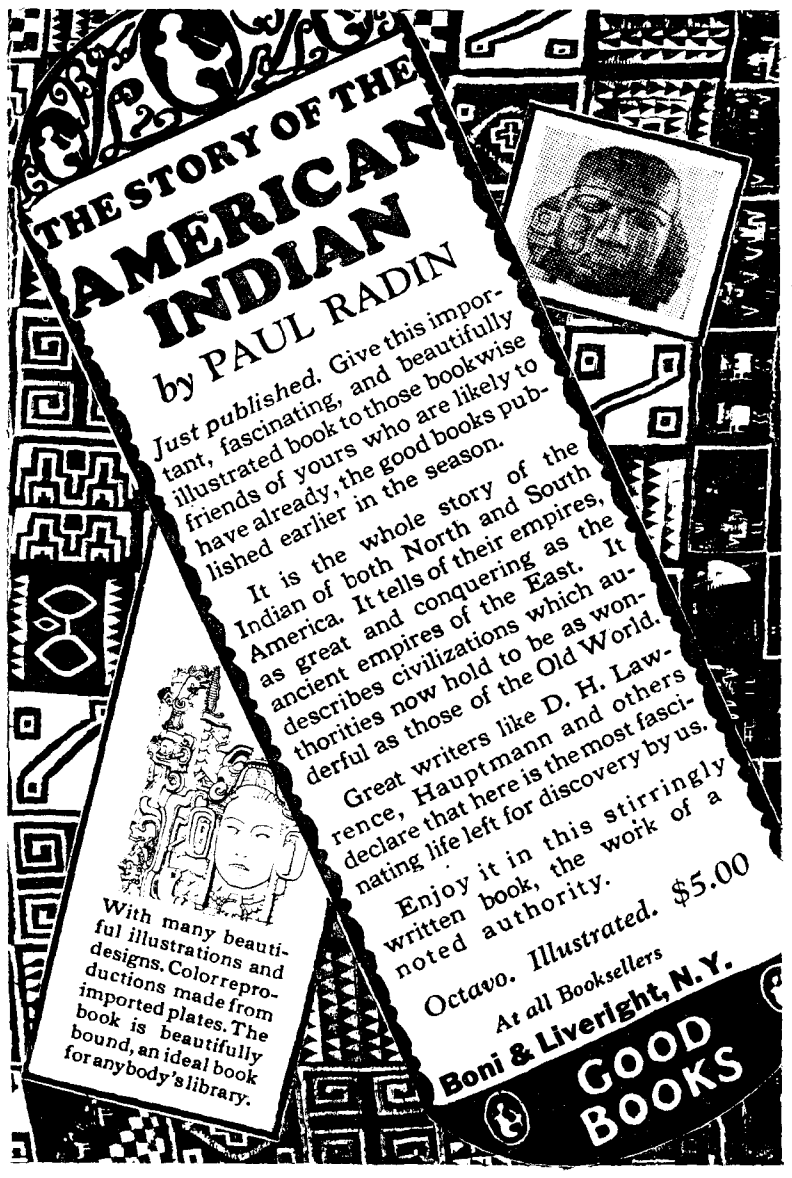
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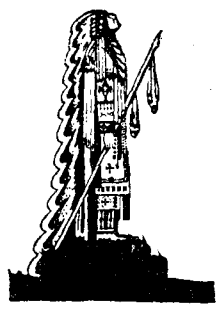

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The New Books

Economics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

BUYING POWER OF LABOR AND POST-WAR CYCLES. By *Asher Achinstein.* Columbia University Press. $3.

KARL MARX'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By *Mandell M. Bober.* Harvard University Press. $3.50.

Education

ESSAYING THE ESSAY. By *Burges Johnson.* Little, Brown.

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Edward Herbert Cameron.* Century. $2.50.

CULTURAL EVOLUTION. By *Charles A. Ellwood.* Century. $2.50.

RENAISSANCE STUDENT LIFE. Translated from the Latin by Robert Francis Seybolt. University of Illinois Press.

CHILD HEALTH AND CHARACTER. By *Elizabeth M. Sloan Chesser, M.D.* Oxford University Press. $1.25.

Fiction

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By FELIX HOLLANDER. Translated from "Der Eid des Stefan Huller" by SARA J. I. LAWSON. Payson & Clarke. 1927. $2.50

In satisfactory translation from the German, "The Sins of the Fathers" is an unusually pleasing novel of abnormal psychology. Beside his father's deathbed the protagonist, still a mere boy, takes an oath that he will never have anything to do with women; he feels then and afterwards that the circumstances under which his father committed suicide necessitate a life of vicarious atonement. Therefore when life offers him love or any other sort of genuine pleasure, he is afraid and withdraws from reality. His life becomes morbid and withered. The atmosphere is further depressed from cheer and sanity by the introduction of two effective characters who are obvious abstractions, the Philosopher and the Poet; often they guide the youth through his difficulties, and, watching them, we are led to believe that they represent his conscience. All the characters in the novel are excellent; they are diversified and highly individualized. Although modern Berlin is the setting, we do not sense the city except as a shadowy background for the characters and their grim unhappiness. The novel is intense, unusual, and satisfying. It merits the attention of intelligent readers.

GERFALCON. By LESLIE BARRINGER. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

The unforgivable fault with "Gerfalcon" is that it is too complicated. The plot is difficult to follow, and the characters cannot be kept straight. Dealing with love and adventure in feudal times, the novel brings to us all the customary trappings of such tales, and in addition the less threadbare element of witchcraft. The castles, battles, journeys over perilous moors, the contrasting nobility and vice—these would be acceptable if it were not for the confusion in plot and character that continually befogs us. The novel is hardly worth the trouble of untangling, although isolated sections—written in less florid prose than the rest—give perceptible enjoyment. At best a romantic novel is not particularly important; in general we suffer it merely because it entertains us. When it becomes a puzzle and a bore we legitimately cast it aside.

LOVELY LADIES. Being the Love Affairs of Ten Women in the Life of a Young Man. By FERRIN L. FRASER. Sears. 1927. $2.50.

This is an American "Adventure of Anatol." It has a fascinating emerald and magenta cover, but, regrettably, the twelve adventures within are less so. They are the frothiest of the frothy with some amusing dialogue but much which has already had its chance at making the welkin ring in vaudeville. For instance:

"Does it never stop?" Everett asked, looking out of the streaked window of the consulate (at the rain).

"I don't know," said Carter. "I have only been here for three years."

"It is a mystery to me," said Everett, "where all these children come from."

"Don't tell me," said Carter, "that you still believe in Santa Claus."

One of the adventures—"The Lovely Lady"—is really a surprise; it has something new to offer, which will not be revealed here. This single situation has a tenseness and a sharp interlocking of events that sets it apart. The rest of the stories run true to type in recording the amorous encounters of a young man with a smile and a million. Some of them are amusingly up-to-date exaggerations of the most hackneyed plots. Mild extravaganza and lighthearted heroics usurp most of Ferrin Frazer's attention. The book gives the impression of having hung its clothes on a hickory limb and then abjured the water.

THE SILENT QUEEN. By W. SEYMOUR LESLIE. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

A fantastic novel must somehow make its fantasy palatable to the everyday reader. In "The Silent Queen" we find eccentricity in style and in narrative, but there are no balancing or saving virtues. Mr. Leslie writes so obscurely that he irritates us, and his plot has little coherency. Characters dodge in and out of his chapters until we are in a daze, and incident after incident seems abortive. The failure of the novel is the more egregious because of the excellent idea upon which it is based: the phenomenon of a huge business organization and its tentacles that circle the world, of the manner of its growth, and the conduct of its routine. But the Hercules-Simplex Corporation, manufacturer of Silent Queen products, is practically lost in the general chaos of the narrative. Mr. Leslie writes occasionally with penetration and force, but he will never write well for the length of a novel until he gets down to the business of story-telling and forgets his pretentious, self-indulgent follies.

THE NUPTIALS OF CORBAL. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

Designed primarily as a gift-book, "The Nuptials of Corbal" is good, straightforward romance. Mr. Brett's colored illustrations give the novel a festive air that goes well with the complete absence of anything serious or unpleasant in the narrative. Mr. Sabatini can be depended upon to do this sort of thing about as well as any modern writer; indeed, many of the scoffers who unfairly class him with Edgar Guest as a panderer to the herd would be pleasantly surprised if they should read him. He writes with a graciousness and an ease that is inevitably diverting, and he seldom descends to unpalatable mush. This, his latest fairy tale of swords and honor and love, is laid in the strenuous days of the French Revolution, but the offensively conventional situations are avoided. The tradition of Dumas is followed intelligently and vigorously. We see a rascally deputy save a young girl from the guillotine, keep her near him for the base purposes that such romantic devils always cherish, and finally lose her (as well as his own life in the scuffle) to an honest aristocrat. Those who like this particular kind of story will get decided pleasure from "The Nuptials of Corbal." It is much shorter than the average novel, and can easily be read at a sitting.

THE MESSENGER OF THE GODS. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Phyllis Bottome has opened the cage door and let another wild little heroine escape. This one is Imogen Stubbs of "The Messenger of the Gods." Imogen's introduction is charming and appealing—as the little girl so loathing the ugliness of her stiff white party dress that she appears *au naturel*, with the effective addition of a Roman sash, at her own birthday party. The scene gives Miss Bottome a chance to bring out the salient characteristics of the people who are to play a large part in the story. As a child Imogen is thoroughly convincing but as she grows up she tends to become a little prearranged to meet the occasion. If some more realistic writer than Phyllis Bottome permitted a heroine to do the things that Imogen does, the censor would immediately be after her, but the author of "The Kingfisher" and other popular novels writes so calmly and idealistically of drunkenness, and free love, and the disposal by drowning of a recalcitrant lover, that the most skittish reader is lulled to sympathetic acquiescence.

Miss Bottome makes the most, too, on behalf of her heroine, of the supposed "immunities of genius." Just how anyone whose English is as consistently atrocious as Imogen's could ever write poetry is indeed a disturbing question. Her grammar is non-existent, and her reactions to life and beauty are the conventionally unconventional ones, so we must simply take Miss Bottome's word for her talent. The story leaps along with plenty of excitement, it treats of problems that are always popular, and it is full of types that appeal to Miss Bottome's audience. "The Messenger of the Gods" will undoubtedly bring his message to a large number of mortals.

FAIR GAME. By OLIVE WADSLEY. Dodd Mead. 1927. $2.

Out of the marriage of Philippa Gascoye nineteen, and Lord Gervause Wilmot, forty-seven, Miss Wadsley has concocted a saccharine novel of the ultra-modern world of England and the Riveria. There is ar

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abundance of material which in the hands of a competent artist, might have resolved itself into a creditable book. The writing is very uneven; in a straining after effect the author employs such phrases as "the room breathed darling, pretty silliness," "Philippa had been thrilled, held, torn by that revelation of genius;" and again "young love called to young love, young lips to young lips." Really, this is too much.

LOST KINELLAN. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Miss Mackenzie's story, the setting of which is the lonely Scottish coast in the last decade of the nineteenth century, opens leisurely. The action takes place in or around Kinellan, the ancestral home of the Keiths, to which Anne Ogilvie, the niece of James Keith, comes to make her home. Her uncle, an invalid, is well presented. James Keith's son, Gilbert, is quite contentedly married to domestic Bertha, who might lack wit or a superabundance of intelligence, but was a good wife withal. At first young Keith admires Anne's beauty in a disinterested manner; but soon that admiration becomes love, desire. From this point on the story moves rapidly to its climax. The descriptions of the natural backgrounds, the history of the Keiths, and the clothes of the characters are prolix; but, as a compensation, the story is written in a pleasing, lucid style. Altogether Miss Mackenzie has produced a book, which, if not distinguished, is a pleasant relief from the more pretentious yet meretricious novels which come a reviewer's way.

LADY, WHAT OF LIFE? By LESLEY STORM. Harpers. 1927. $2.

That green and pleasant land across the water must indeed consider the day lost whose descending sun finds no first novel damp off its press. The surprising thing about so many of them is the fact that instead of showing "promise" they show fulfilment on a depressingly small scale. Their authors burst upon the reading world completely articulate but with nothing very new or vital to say, instead of haltingly giving hints that when they are better able to express themselves they will be worth listening to.

"Lady, What of Life?" is one of these first born, and a very well written one. It has a depth of social background that makes the really entertaining story of three young English girls something more than pastime. The novel is written in the first person, which furthers Miss Storm's aim to present the tolerations as well as the limitations of middle-class England confronted with new situations. The teller of the tale is a middle-aged Englishman who is forced to take over the care of his three nieces on the death of their mother. This mother, after an unsuccessful elopment, has sifted down through several layers of society, and finally meets death while automobiling with a butcher. The different effects of such an early environment upon the characters of the three girls are turned to the highest dramatic advantage by Miss Storm. There is Elinor who has been rendered unduly and dully conventional by the slights of society, willing to marry into boredom that she may become respectable; there is Olive brought so low in honor by social disapproval that she is willing to snatch an unwilling lover by means of an old, old deception; and there is Virginia, the lovable youngest daughter driven into a gallant recklessness that makes for suffering both for herself and others but also makes her the most interesting of the three, easily winning the heart of the uncle who tells the story and that of the reader who hears it. "Lady, What a Life?" has the amplitude usual to English novels of family life, numerous characters come and go, there is traveling here and there, and all the eatings and drinkings and lyings down and risings up are given full place.

YVON TREMBLAY. By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM. Ottawa, Canada: Graphic Publishers, Ltd. 1927. $2.

This is a first novel by a young Canadian and, if one were to judge by the lavish use of adjectives employed by the publishers, one of the finest novels of the season. Unfortunately, this reviewer does not concur with them. Mr. Cunningham has yet to learn that a combination of old-fashioned melodrama, mystery, numerous subsidiary characters, and a facile style does not necessarily and eventually result in a good novel.

THE ROUGH RIDERS. By HERMANN HAGEDORN. Harpers. 1927. $2.

Mr. Hagedorn had a plethora of material to draw from. Even after he has pruned out much that was unessential, his book remains much too long. Book I, "The Coming of War," in which he presents a fine picture of the Mauve Decade, fills eighty-three pages; the remaining three books are considerably longer. To attempt to give an outline of the story in this brief space would be to do it an injustice.

Endeavoring to give an idea of the confusion that reigned in the War Department and the enthusiasm that swept over the country when war was declared against Spain, the author somewhat confuses the reader by rapid transitions from the past tense to the historical present. But it is invidious, perhaps, to pick flaws in an otherwise colorful, interesting narrative, which abounds in humor and has many passages of real merit. That it is a book upon which the author spent much time and effort is abundantly proved. And in the face of three and a half pages of references who could question its authenticity?

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead.

GRITNY PEOPLE. By *R. Emmet Kennedy*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

WHATEVER WE DO. By *Allan Updegraff*. Day. $2.50 net.

SEA LEGS. By *Alfred F. Loomis*. Appleton. $2.

A YANKEE PASSIONAL. By *Samuel Ornitz*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE FIFTH CHILD. By *Klaus Mann*. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

WORLDS' ENDS. By *Jacob Wassermann*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF THE WORLD. By *Barrett H. Clark*. McBride. $5 net.

NOTHING BUT THE EARTH. By *Paul Morana*. McBride.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. By *James Branch Cabell*. McBride. $5 net.

THE WAYWARD MAN. By *St. John Ervine*. Macmillan. $2.50.

RASSELAS. By *Samuel Johnson*. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE VANGUARD. By *Arnold Bennett*. Doran.

THE DEMON CARAVAN. By *Georges Sudan*. Dial. $2.

THE BLACK PAWN. By *Bruce Norman*. Dial. $2.

LOVE IN CHARTRES. By *Nathan Asch*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

History

INDIA'S PAST. By A. A. MACDONELL. Oxford University Press. 1927. $3.75.

This comprehensive survey of the literatures, religions, languages, and antiquities of India, by the Emeritus Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, has the great merit of bringing the subjects up to 1926. The selected bibliographies at the ends of the chapters will prove most helpful to those who desire more detailed information, though the treatment of the different topics is entirely adequate for the reader who desires only a general understanding, and is still useful to the student. An enormous amount of information is condensed in readable form and the excellent illustrations explain the art and architecture, especially the interesting connection between Greek art and the later images of Buddha.

While the volume is excellent for reference, as the scholarship is both critical and accurate, many of the chapters are entertainingly written. The story of "The Recovery of India's Past" from Greek, Mohammedan, and Indian literature and from coins, inscriptions, and other sources is especially well told. Curiously enough, Indian literature contains very little historical material, or even chronicles, and the task of reconstructing the past from scattered fragments of various kinds has been both difficult and laborious.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND 1688-1815. By *E. M. Wrong*. Holt. $1.

THE UNITED STATES. By *Theodore Calvin Pease*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN FRONTIER, 1783-1795. By *Arthur Preston Whitaker*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

HEIRS OF OLD VENICE. By *Gertrude Slaughter*. Yale University Press. $4.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT IN FRANCE AND AMERICA. By *Bernard Fay*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

THE MAKING OF A STATE. By *Thomas Garrigue Masaryk*. Stokes. $6.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *A. S. Turberville*. Oxford University Press. $7.

COLORADO: SHORT STORIES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. By *Julius Henderson. E. B. Renaud, Colin B. Goodykoontz, Joe Mills, James F. Willard, H. M. Barrett, and Irene Pettit McKeehan*. Boulder, Colo.; University of Colorado. $2.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By *Bernal Diaz del Castillo*. Translated by *Maurice Keatinge*. McBride. 2 vols. $10 net.

PUTNAM'S HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. Compiled by *George Palmer Putnam* and revised by *George Haven Putnam*. Putnam.

AMERICAN PARTIES AND POLITICS. By *Harold R. Bruce*. Holt.

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY *France*. By *Franklin Charles Palm*. Ginn. $2.

MAN AND CIVILIZATION. By *John Storck*. Harcourt, Brace.

EUROPE AND THE CHURCH UNDER INNOCENT III. By *Sidney R. Packard*. Holt. 85 cents.

THE CRUSADERS. By *Richard A. Newhall*. Holt. 85 cents.

THE COURT OF PHILIP THE FOURTH. By *Martin Hume*. Brentanos. $4.

THE CONQUEST OF OUR WESTERN EMPIRE. By *Agnes C. Laut*. McBride.

THE NEW PICTORIAL OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By *H. G. Wells*. Macmillan.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF JAPAN. By *Herbert H. Gowen*. Appleton. $4.

NEW ENGLAND'S OUTPOST. By *John Bartlet Brebner*. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

A SIDELIGHT ON ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 1839-1858. Edited by *Annie Heloise Abel* and *Frank J. Klingberg*. Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. By *Albert J. Toynbee*. Vol. I. The Islamic World. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

International

BOLSHEVISM, FASCISM AND DEMOCRACY. By FRANCESCO NITTI. Macmillan. 1927. $2.75.

The former Prime Minister of Italy has been a trenchant critic of the European peace settlements. In his former volumes he has pointed out many of the errors made by the mapmakers of Versailles, though it would be difficult to sustain his claim that

(*Continued on next page*)

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International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

these books "destroyed those prejudices which are most inimical to peace."

In the present work Signor Nitti turns his guns upon the Fascisti. It is turn and turn about, for the Fascisti by their playful pranks drove Signor Nitti into exile. And the experience did not mellow the Nittian soul. The ex-Prime Minister, defeated, disillusioned, disappointed, and disgusted, pours out all the bitterness of that soul on the man who has taken the governance of Italy as his personal task and trampled the cherished principles of democracy underfoot.

The book purports to be a defense of democracy against the attacks from the Left and Right. The author repeatedly states that he wishes to treat the matter calmly but his wish is not granted. He develops a vast amount of heat while shedding very few rays of light. To be sure he reiterates all of the resounding fundamentals of democratic theory and points them with rhetorical questions. But his facts could be gathered on a single page and of sober judgment there is none. This is true even of the main thesis of the book. Its chief purpose is to warn us of the dangers of the "intellectual laziness" and the "mental decadence" which tolerate dictatorship, but over and over again he relieves us of responsibility by declaring that dictatorships carry within them the forces of their own destruction and that "governments based on freedom will be henceforth the only lasting governments."

Signor Nitti asserts that Fascism and Bolshevism depend upon the same tyrannical use of force, but for Bolshevism he can spare a good word because he credits it with an ideal. Fascism, however, "rests upon nothing but violence." Mussolini is but "a bold adventurer, barren of ideas, having only the impulse and aspiration to conquer and domineer." From the point of view of civilization he is "not a forerunner but a loiterer."

These phrases but suggest the unmeasured condemnation which runs through the whole book. Here is gathered all the bitter asperity of a man who must pass his declining years in exile instead of with honor among his own countrymen, but of sober analysis of the forces which have made and are making Fascism it contains hardly a suggestion.

GLADSTONE AND BRITAIN'S IMPERIAL POLICY. By *Paul Knaplund.* Macmillan.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF NEW CALIFORNIA. By *Fray Francisco Palou.* Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton. University of California Press. 4 vols.

THE OUTLAWING OF WAR. By *Charles Clayton Morrison.* Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. $3.

Juvenile

See Children's Bookshop, pages 437 and 438

PAUL OF FRANCE. By CLARENCE STRATTON. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

This is a book for the unreflecting youngster, all action and thrills and marvellous achievements on the part of its hero. The Fourth Crusade has been used as the occasion for the incidents. Paul is a very remarkable young man, learning all the arts of war more quickly than other boys, showing good judgment where they would lack it, treated respectfully by counts and kings, an intrepid leader and a wise counselor. Kidnapped from his home, by a hireling of the wicked count who wishes to get Paul out of the way so he can steal the property from Paul's mother, the boy journeys to the East where he grows acquainted with the trickery of the Venetians and participates in the sack of Constantinople. In the dark robbers creep upon him and he drives them terrified through the streets of the city, getting his vengeance upon them. He exposes his wicked master and goes to take him into custody, but finds Stephan has flown. After this he goes to fight the Saracens, by his coolness and determination saving his young lord from death. He wins the friendship of an Oriental wrestler, learns tricks and disguises from him, returns from the war, gives the king good advice, masquerades as an Oriental peddler while seeking his enemy, wrestles with Stephan before the court, has his property returned to him, and in the end basks in the adoration of his mother and of little Marie, whose curls he used to pull in those childish days before he went away to see the world. The book is illustrated by Eric Pape.

THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS. By ELOISE LOWNBERY. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

Jean d'Orbais is the young hero of this fourteenth century story of Reims, when the great cathedral was building, but much more than Jean's adventures is presented. The author has to a signal degree welded historical details into a convincing unity, so that a great deal of information about the period is conveyed to the reader in the pleasantest possible manner. If young Jean is the hero, then the cathedral, as a living, brooding presence, must be the heroine, for Jean's ancestor had been its first architect and the family had ever since devoted its members to the service of the growing edifice, the maidens as skilled embroiderers, the men as architects or sculptors or goldsmiths. At the age of ten Jean is taken from his home and apprenticed to a goldsmith who is eventually discovered committing the unpardonable sin of putting alloy into his finest vessels, as a result of which he is publicly discredited and thrown out of his guild. Jean's own talents are found to lie in modeling and his determination to be a sculptor reaps a thrilling reward when the Maid appears to save France from the English. Jeanne is herself very touchingly presented at the moment when she brings her Dauphin to be crowned in Reims and craves for herself nothing but the peace of her old home. The simple life of the people of the craft-guilds, their eating and sleeping and working, is ably described while there are as well brief pictures of the lords and ladies, but what most distinguishes the book is the feeling for beauty as an actual, practical part of life and the close relation of religion to all that was finest and most joyous in the lives of these humble workers.

There are a number of charming illustrations and an attractive map of the city has been used as end-papers.

THE F-U-N BOOK, UNDER THE STORY TREE, IN ANIMAL LAND, THE BILLY BANG BOOK. By MABEL GUINNIP LA RUE. Illustrations by MAUD and MISKA PETERSHAM. Macmillan. 1927. $1. each.

These four little books gaily covered in blue and orange, provide reading matter for six, seven, and eight-year-olds, with very big print for the smallest children, and smaller print for the big ones. The language in them grows up well from the short, simple, daily words of "The F-U-N Book" to the larger, more polysyllabic selection in "The Billy Bang Book." The illustrations have much the same form and effect throughout the books, toys with human faces that laugh and cry, animals become "characters" by a certain gesture or posture. Comedy rests heavily on costumes which are most variously assorted from Charlie Chaplin's shoe-bag to the sea-chests of the Pirates of Penzance. In content, too, the four books differ little. Each tells tales of toys, plants, animals, boys and girls. Each has rather more poor stories in it than good ones.

Well, there are good things in each one of the books. To begin with "The F-U-N Book," it uses well the age-old literary devices of repetition and accumulation. The little new readers would very much like the Tin Train's recurrent reassurance, "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can," and the neatly repeating pattern in the story of the stubborn bunny. With Little Boy Blue they would happily multiply the purchasing power of a gold dollar by accumulating all the earlier purchases with each new one.

"Under the Story Tree" gives every now and then, as one would expect from its title, the fun of recognition. Here there is, for instance,

Zee, Zi, Zo, Zum
We smell rabbit.
We must have some.

"In Animal Land" and "The Billy Bang Book" suffer from inevitable contrast with "The Jungle Books," or in some ways with "Chang." Against Mowgli's forest days with his vivid, vigorous friends and enemies, or against the fresh, breathless realities of "Chang," the trivial, imitative activities of daily life among Billy Bang's friends seem flat and unprofitable—their dress-making, their sledding, their picnicking. Yet there is much material that is always fresh.

There is one thing very well done in all except "The F-U-N Book"—where it is not done at all. The directions for work and play at the end of many of the chapters are very good indeed.

A DAY WITH BETTY ANNE. By DOROTHY W. BARUCH. Harpers. 1927. $1.50.

This book may prove useful to those who are new to the needs of very small children. It brings again the time-honored suggestion of telling stories to the child of his own daily life to create in him a quickened interest in his world. If the sketches which make up the bulk of this little volume had more charm, they might have spared the mother the pains of composition. As it is, they and the added suggestions will serve as a spur to her in the matter of story-telling, finger games, and "things to do."

The children will like looking at the pictures by Winifred Bromhall, who has already endeared herself to their older brothers and sisters by illustrating that other "Child's Day" by Walter de la Mare.

THE GNOME KING OF OZ. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Reilly & Lee. 1927. $1.60.

The product of a fertile imagination and a facile pen, the latest Oz story goes on its diverting way and will carry along with it all the readers, old and young, who have already explored the land of Oz in one or more of the nineteen stories already published. This, the twentieth, is as refreshingly nonsensical as the rest, unlabored, with no forced cleverness, yet not infrequently both witty and clever in a most natural and delightful way. Children will love it and grown-ups will find it far less boresome to read out loud than are some of the other books which children so inexplicably adore. The pictures and general make-up of the book are also such as appeal to the childish eye. For the uncertain age from six to fourteen it would make a safe (if not, to the adult mind, altogether sane) Christmas gift.

CORNELLI. By JOHANNA SPYRI. Crowell. 1927. $1.50.

This, the latest book of Mrs. Spyri's to be translated into English, will find its friends among the large audience which has welcomed her other books. The author uses the same simple formula of good rewarded and evil brought to naught, and the story of Cornelli, the little Swiss girl, her tribulations and triumph, runs a straight course from beginning to end. It is this gift for telling a story, which even her little pious homilies are not allowed to interrupt, that wins Mrs. Spyri her following among children. A rather slovenly and awkward translation detracts materially from one's pleasure in the book.

LONGLEGS THE HERON. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Little, Brown. 1927. $1.75.

A Thornton Burgess book is—well, a Thornton Burgess book. One is as much like another as a day in one's life is like other days, past and to come. It is this very sameness that endears these stories to children. They follow the daily doings of Peter Rabbit, Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat with the same unflagging interest with which they go every day to play with the Peter and Billy and Jerry who live next door, whose company grows more entertaining, not less, the better known they and their lives become. Harrison Cady's illustrations add materially to the attraction, and the large print and simple words make the book an easy one for children themselves to read.

OLD TESTAMENT STORIES. Retold by EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER. Illustrated by Beatrice W. Stevens. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.50.

Here is an excellent new Bible story book for the in-between child, the Sunday-school "Junior," who still likes pictures, but is old enough for some real Bible language in small and selected doses. The stories have been carefully chosen from the wealth of

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by
Marietta M. Andrews
A DUTTON BOOK

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Old Testament material, given interesting new titles such as "A Year in a House Boat," and retold in language simplified from the original where necessary, but with as much direct quotation as the average youngster from eight to eleven could understand. The illustrations are imaginative and reasonably good in technique, though not masterpieces, and the whole is a moderate sized book with large print—a great advantage to small readers.

A TRULY LITTLE GIRL. By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $1.75.

At first there seems to be a little danger that this very attractively made book may drop into the over-humorous and faintly condescending tone which many authors think is the correct one for children. But the danger does not materialize to any degree and the book is for the most part simply and amusingly written. It recounts various happenings in a country home where a little girl and her next-door friend are very fond of animals, and especially of sick or injured ones. This little girl, under the guidance of the nicest kind of a mother and with the occasional intervention of a rather mischievous father, does many things of the sort that other children like to read about, involving animals and picnics and good times, and some misadventures too. Children from perhaps seven to eleven will enjoy it.

A BOOK OF GOLDEN DEEDS. By *Charlotte M. Yonge*. Macmillan. $1.75.

MRS. CHATTERBOX AND HER FAMILY. By *Louise Connolly*. Macmillan. $2.

THE PUMPKIN PEOPLE. By *Ethel Owen*. Chicago: Whitman. $1 net.

LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE. By *Charlotte M. Yonge*. Harpers. $1.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. By *C. Collodi*. Macmillan. $1.75.

NIP AND TUCK IN TOYLAND. By *Leila Crocheron Freeman*. Sears. $2.50.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN. Collected by Tailer Andrews. Sears.

THE STORY LADY'S NURSERY TALES. By *Georgene Faulkner*. Sears. $2.50.

THE "STORY LADY'S" CHRISTMAS STORIES. By *Georgene Faulkner*. Sears. $1.25.

THE HEPZIBAH HEN BOOK. By *Olwen Bowen*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Miscellaneous

HIGHDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. By FLORENCE ADAMS and ELIZABETH MCCARRICK. Dutton. 1927. $2.

As long as "speaking pieces" continues to be a method of education in the United States, so long will every new anthology such as this be welcomed, especially by teachers and librarians. Poems appropriate to the special days of the year, particularly to the school year, have been collected by two librarians, who doubtless were called upon so often for help of this kind that they recognized a need. The material included is of uneven value, for one reason because, as the introduction says, the compilers were not always able to get permission to include the poems they wished. Permissions are coming less easily these days and the cost of quotation is rising. These things being so, it seems a pity that the compilers were not a little more enterprising in their researches. There are poems more beautiful, equally appropriate, and certainly less hackneyed than many of those included here, which can be had for the taking. Why not, for Saint Patrick's Day, for instance, instead of the "Wearing of the Green," have used some of those stirring lines in the Saint's own traditional poem, "The Deer's Cry," available in several translations, or his lovely "Evensong"? The answer probably is that the search for the new and different was not the aim of the compilers, but rather the collecting into one convenient volume of the old and tried, the familiar favorites which (because he knows no others) everyone demands. This, with a sprinkling of new and unfamiliar to take the place, presumably, of those for which permission could not be obtained, they have succeeded in doing.

DOG STORIES FROM *PUNCH*. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

The authors of the various stories in this book include A. A. Milne, E. V. Lucas, A. P. Herbert, R. C. Lehmann, and E. V. Knox. Mr. Morrow's illustrations are, of course, delightful. Many canine foibles are covered. The stories are all brief and humorous. This would make an attractive Christmas gift to any dog-lover. It is an entertaining compilation.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH WALL-PAPER 1509-1914. By ALAN VICTOR SUGDEN and JOHN LUDLAM EDMONDSON. Scribners. 1927.

ENGLISH HOMES. Period VI Vol. I. By H. AVRAY TIPPING. Scribners. 1927. $25.

Recent investigation has brought to light the fact that the use of stamped or painted paper for decorative purposes on walls and ceilings far antedates the eighteenth century when its use became general. At first the small sheets about fifteen inches by eleven inches generally block printed in black upon the natural ground were used for book covers and as linings for small containers. Probably during the fifteenth century when paper making became more general, these sheets were also used for decorating the interiors of small cabinets and closets whence their use spread to the decoration of larger rooms when the supply of material, often waste from the press, warranted it. Such a development was of course the result of a search for a cheap substitute for the painted cloths and hangings which in their turn took the place of embroidered and tapestried hangings in the more modest dwellings.

Messrs. Sugden and Edmondson give a very lucid account of the gradual development of the industry from its fragmentary beginnings which they describe in quite satisfying detail. According to their own statement their work is based, as that of their predecessors, on the foundations laid by John Gregory Crace in the early nineteenth century but they have taken advantage of the considerable amount of material that has since been unearthed and by a deal of independent research have been able to check and correct many erroneous assertions of previous writers.

It is surprising to learn what developments had already taken place before the impetus given to the trade by the chiaroscuros of Jackson in the early eighteenth century, but from the point of view of the student and decorator, the account and full illustration of mid-nineteenth century developments is perhaps the most valuable part of the book, for recent works have devoted themselves for the most part to a discussion of the pattern and types in use in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

For those particularly interested in the trade, the research into mill records made by the authors forms a most valuable contribution. This section, by way of an appendix, gives a brief history of the personalities and firms most influential in nineteenth century developments—an excellent supplement to the general history and illustrations of the period, found in the main text.

Another particularly valuable feature of the book is the large number of color reproductions of typical designs.

AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SONGS. Collected by *Ethel Park Richardson*. Edited and arranged by *Sigmund Spaeth*. Greenberg. $3.50.

HARTMANN'S WHO'S WHO. Jamaica, N. Y.: Occult Press.

YANKEE DOODLE-DOO. Compiled by *Grenville Vernon*. Payson & Clarke. $5.

THE EVOLUTION OF PENOLOGY IN PENNSYLVANIA. By *Harry E. Barnes*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

A BIRD BOOK FOR THE POCKET. By *Edmond Sandars*. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE CULT OF SANTIAGO. By *James S. Stone*. Longmans. $6.

SATIRICAL AND CONTROVERSIAL MEDALS OF THE REFORMATION. By *Francis Pierrepont Barnard*. Oxford University Press. $7.

BASKET WORK. By *T. Rutherford Seed*. Oxford University Press.

BUSINESS LIFE INSURANCE. By *Ralph Sanborn*. Crofts. $3.

THE GENTLE ART OF SINGING. By *Henry J. Wood*. Vol. I. Oxford University Press. $6.

MYSTERIES OF THE MISSING. By *Edward H. Smith*. Dial. $3.50.

TOM MASSON'S BOOK OF WIT AND HUMOR. By *Thomas L. Masson*. Sears. $1.

FINANCIAL ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN. By *Merryle S. Rukeyser*. Simon & Schuster. $3.

AN OXFORD HALL IN MEDIEVAL TIMES. By *Alfred B. Emden*. Oxford University Press. $5.50.

THE BOOK OF THE INN. Selected and edited by *Thomas Burke*. Doran. $2.50.

ETIQUETTE. By *Emily Post*. New edition. Funk & Wagnalls. $4 net.

MODES AND MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Oskar Fischel* and *Max von Botha*. Dutton. $5.

CLOTHES ECONOMY FOR WELL DRESSED WOMEN. By *Margery Wells*. Dodd, Mead. $1.

VOTING TRUSTS. By *Harry A. Cushing*. Macmillan. $2.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Third edition. Vol. II. Edited by *H. C. Corles*. Macmillan. $7.50.

THE ANNUALS OF FLOWERLAND. By *Alice T. A. Quackenbush*. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Points of View

Henry Ward Beecher

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May I beg the courtesy of your columns to defend myself against the attack upon my "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait" made by Mr. Beecher's grandson, Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr.? To economize your space I shall try to confine myself to a statement of facts, without superfluous comment.

Mr. Scoville says:

1. "The sources which Mr. Hibben draws upon . . . include the *National Police Gazette*, extracts from yellow journals of the seventies, and anonymous pamphlets and posters."

My sources include over 300 published books, the files of over 50 newspapers, besides unpublished manuscripts, original court, synod, and church records, and letters and documents. The principal newspapers cited are Henry J. Raymond's New York *Times*, Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune*, Charles A. Dana's *Sun*, Joseph Medill's Chicago *Tribune* and the *Indiana State Journal*. In the so-called "scandal chapters" (XXI to XXVII inclusive), of 288 references, 199 are to the court record. Only 60 are to newspapers, and these for comment, not as source material. Mr. Scoville is of course well aware that the *National Police Gazette* is cited in no reference whatever to Mr. Beecher.

2. "Robert Ingersoll, the noted atheist, is quoted as an authority upon Mr. Beecher's life and surroundings."

Col. Ingersoll was an agnostic, not an atheist. No nobler tribute to Henry Ward Beecher was ever written by any man, living or dead, that Robert G. Ingersoll's tribute to Henry Ward Beecher.

3. "His [Mr. Beecher's] accusers were discredited and execrated as self-confessed liars and blackmailers."

This somewhat intemperate assertion that Mr. Beecher's chief accusers confessed to perjury and blackmail is, of course, preposterous. All three died men of prominence and standing, and left families as respected as Mr. Beecher's family and quite as entitled to consideration. On page 114, volume III, of the report of Tilton vs. Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher himself, under oath, admitted that there was no blackmail in the case, and on page 1033 of the same volume, the judge, charging the jury, threw out all suggestion of blackmail. Mr. Scoville, in renewing an accusation thus formally repudiated, assumes a certain responsibility for it, which I cannot share.

4. "Their [Mr. Beecher's accusers] chief counsel became convinced of Mr. Beecher's innocence."

This is a fiction which rests on no foundation of fact. A story to that effect was launched by Mr. Scoville's father after the death of Mr. Beach, the counsel referred to. It was vehemently denied by Mr. Beach's family, legal associates, and friends, and is, moreover, belied by Mr. Beach's scathing arraignment of Henry Ward Beecher as a conscienceless seducer.

5. "The largest council of Congregational churches . . . investigated the charges . . . and unanimously found him [Mr. Beecher] to be innocent of any wrong doing."

The council in question did nothing of the sort and found nothing of the sort. Having refused to hear Mr. Moulton, who wrote: "I am prepared to prove Henry Ward Beecher guilty of adultery and perjury, by evidence both oral and documentary," the council found: " We hold this pastor of this church [Mr. Beecher], as we and all others are bound to hold him, innocent of the charges reported against him *until they have been substantiated by proof*." Italics mine.

6. "Mr. Hibben fails to give any details of the defense of Mr. Beecher, which had convinced three tribunals of his innocence."

No three tribunals were ever convinced of Mr. Beecher's innocence. The Congregational council, referred to above by Mr. Scoville, itself found, on the contrary, that: "we cannot overlook . . . the dissatisfaction which more or less extensively prevails with the previous investigations," and recommended another. Mr. Beecher could, had he desired, have set at rest all doubts of his innocence by the same method which Theodore Roosevelt employed. Instead, he not only brought no suit for libel against those who repeatedly and publicly charged him with adultery and perjury, but withdrew the complaint he had filed against Mr. Moulton for criminal libel.

7. "Mr. Hibben states that Mr. Beecher received a $15,000 stock bribe from Jay Cooke to boom the Northern Pacific Railroad in the columns of the *Christian Union* of which Mr. Beecher was the editor. He offers as authority Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's biography of Jay Cooke. No such statement appears in the biography."

No such statement appears in my book, either. Far from accusing Mr. Beecher of accepting a bribe, I say: "There was, of course, nothing dishonest in Beecher's share in this transaction." Pages 164-166 of volume II of Professor Oberholtzer's admirable biography of Jay Cooke are devoted to listing those who were, in Professor Oberholtzer's phrase, "properly 'sweetened' to aid the enterprise" of the Northern Pacific Railway. Mr. Beecher's name appears on page 165 as down for $15,000 worth of stock. "Beecher's aid," says Professor Oberholtzer, "included the use of the *Christian Union* newspaper." That this aid was actually rendered by Mr. Beecher's paper is evident from the publication, beginning on page 403 of Volume II of the *Christian Union*, of a series of publicity articles advertised to the readers of the paper as "elaborated from notes taken by Mr. Wilkeson during a reconnaissance of the proposed route of the Northern Pacific Railway."

8. "Mr. Beecher was not the editor of the *"Christian Union."*

Lyman Abbott: "Henry Ward Beecher." New York. 1903; page xxiv: "*The Christian Union. Edited* by Henry Ward Beecher, January 1, 1870, to November 2, 1881. New York. Now *The Outlook*."

John R. Howard [of J. B. Ford & Co., publishers of *The Christian Union*] : "Remembrance of Things Past." New York. 1925; page 237: "On January 1, 1870, Mr. Beecher took its [*The Christian Union's*] editorship."

The Independent, November 2, 1869. Advertisement 8 by 11 inches for *The Christian Union*: "HENRY WARD BEECHER . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF." (Letters ½ inch high).

9. "Miss Scoville authorizes me . . . to say that the only 'aid' she ever gave Mr. Hibben was to give him the correct date of a photograph of the Beecher family, which for reasons of his own he afterwards inserted in the biography as of a date fourteen years earlier."

I have before me half a dozen letters from Miss Scoville giving me considerable detailed information on various points which puzzled me at the time. I am also grateful to her for permission to examine Mr. Beecher's diary kept during his Cincinnati days as well as the original of the agreement between Mr. Beecher and the Greek lad, Constantine Fondolaik, and a number of Mr. Beecher's early manuscript sermons. She also very kindly supplied me with a number of photographs, a courtesy which I reciprocated; but she was unfortunately unable to give me the correct date of the photograph to which her brother refers. I deeply appreciated the large-mindedness of Miss Scoville in this and courteously acknowledged it in my book.

In regard to the space given in my "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait" to the various charges of adultery and perjury brought against Mr. Beecher, I need, I think, only quote the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., one of Mr. Beecher's oldest and staunchest friends; "The transaction, with all its consequences, belongs to history," Dr. Bacon wrote, "and it is in every way a legitimate subject for public criticism."

Henry Ward Beecher is in the Hall of Fame. His life is no longer the private affair of his family. I quite understand Mr. Scoville's feeling; but much that he finds so distressing was published broadcast in Mr. Beecher's own lifetime and became a matter of common knowledge to a whole generation. Against reiterated accusations of immorality, perjury, and hypocrisy, Mr. Beecher himself took no action whatever, though the courts were open to him and he had many friends in high place. I cannot but feel that what Henry Ward Beecher could and did accept with equanimity, his family can now bear without grievous hardship.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A. B., Minot, South Dakota, asks "what would be the general nature of an ideal discussion-paper for a study club?"

TAKING for granted that it is a club for the encouragement of reading and thinking and not a substitute for either, a good paper would present to its membership the salient points and distinguishing features of the book in question. Those who had already read it would find their impressions clarified, and those who had not would be in possession of a body of evidence from which to determine whether it were a book they wished to read. Meanwhile, even these latter could at least discuss the points raised by the paper—I hope without deluding themselves that they were discussing the book itself.

So introduced, a discussion may bring out a general interchange of opinions and experiences; without it, the subject may be kidnapped by anyone with a good clear voice and dropped up a blind alley a long way from home.

Take, for instance, one of the noblest books of the year, Michael Pupin's "The New Reformation" (Scribner), one that should be brought to the attention of as many intelligent people as can in any way be reached, and such a reading-club as this is one way of reaching some of them. It describes, in detail sufficient to give the steps of the process, the change in our comprehension of the universe due to the gradual disclosure, under scientific investigation, of new physical realities—matter in motion, electricity in motion, electrical radiation—and it directs the attention of the reader through all this to the presence of "creative coördination," transforming chaos to cosmos. As every epoch that rediscovers God describes Him in terms of its own experience, the deeply religious spirit of the culminating chapters of this book is in accord with the scientific method by which its conclusions have been reached. One reporting upon it to a group of prospective readers untrained in scientific methods and unfamiliar with scientific terminology, will do well to give, in as summary a manner as may be, the stages of the progress it describes from Archimedes through Galileo and Newton to Faraday, Garnot, Maxwell, Roentgen, Gibbs, so as to leave itself plenty of time to make sure that the hearers know what the author means by "creative coördination," and to read keystone passages from the last three chapters. Without some such plan as this, a paper might easily lose itself in attempts to condense the first two-thirds of the book, and reach the conclusions panting, with no time left. Let the paper give the hearer an idea of what the book is working toward, and a strong impulse to read for himself and find out by what processes it comes to these conclusions. At least that is one way in which it is possible for a non-scientist to introduce this work to others, and if it be objected that only a scientist should deal with this book at all, it may be replied that it is addressed to the general public and readily understandable by anyone who reads English and is willing to think.

As for current fiction, an excellent plan for its study and discussion by groups has been worked out by the Institute of Current Literature, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass., in "Creative Reading," a course sent by mail twice a month. In each number one current novel and one book of non-fiction is analyzed according to a simple, sensible plan, used each in his own fashion by a number of well-known critics. A long list of these is promised; the editor-in-chief, Professor Robert Rogers, has already reviewed "The Old Countess," Emily Newell Blair had "Death Comes for the Archbishop" last month, and in the current number I have one on "Meanwhile," in which for once I have space enough to say all I have to say about a book. Having developed under necessity a technique in getting it all into one sentence, I felt in this review like the family goldfish dropped into the bathtub. Readers of this column often ask me for advice on detailed reading-courses for current literature—this applies lately to the club in Santa Barbara and the one in Georgia, and I have walked wide of most of the printed ones, but this series of lectures-in-print I believe has real usefulness.

Since we have permitted ourselves the dangerous word "ideal," here is another inquiry that uses it. M. K., Detroit, Mich., is an adopted citizen of this country; "still breathing the acquired conception that this is a land of materialism, of dollar worship, of steel-hearted people," a notion nourished by the atmosphere with which he is surrounded, and the "tirades" of his former countrypeople on American culture and civilization. "I am unconsciously aware of a better America, a spiritual America, that could easily be compared with any of those that attack my new, adopted country. To find entrance into the America of thought and ideals and spiritual awakening, this is my quest."

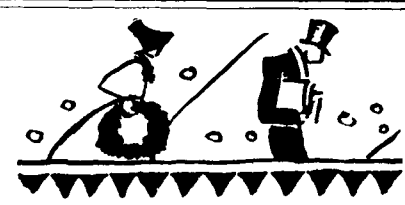
Steering neatly between the twin rocks of too-good and too-bad, "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard (Macmillan), should give a student an idea of the real America as viewed in the light of her past. Someone lately wrote to ask if I carried out my promise to read every word of this: yes: and in five days. Follow this with the most lucid statement of her present situation, André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace). Get a copy of each of the volumes of Mark Sullivan's delightful records of our middle distance, "Our Times" (Scribner), and treat the work as a lucky-bag into which to dip, sure of finding something significant; a foreign-born citizen will not get the fun out of it that comes from being a middle-aged native, but he will learn a great deal. And after that—after that I leave the matter to the scouts of this department. What are the novels, for instance, that show us the America of the spirit, the land of thought and ideals and awakening? Come now, I will give a copy of James Boyd's "Marching On" (Scribner) for a list of novels as good as that is for giving an insight into the psychology of a period, including this present period of ours.

SEVERAL inquirers, among them *D. A. K., Brooklyn, and M. T., Geneseo, N. Y.*, ask for a Christmas play that may be used for or made into an evening's entertainment, given by young people large and small. In the second of Montrose Moses's collections for young actors, "Another Treasury of Plays for Children" (Little, Brown), may be found the charming revue called "Make Believe", by A. A. Milne; it is also in paper (French) but the collection is a good book to keep if one has anything to do with entertainments. The Milne fantasia was given at the Lyric in Hammersmith; one finds upon the list of grown-up actors the inimitable Hermione Baddeley, and in another scene Jean Cadell, who took this town by storm in "At Mrs. Beam's" at the Theatre Guild. The play is so flexible that almost any use could be made of it. In "Why We Celebrate," seven plays for holidays by Marjorie Woods (French), there is one called "The Christmas Angel" that could be made the nucleus of a much longer entertainment. "The Toy Shop," by Percival Wilde, is published in one little volume by Baker of Boston: it is for twelve people, of whom three double: there is an effective but not difficult transformation scene, and the general atmosphere of fantasy and tenderness is most appropriate to the season. Most of the parts should be taken by older children—unless the little ones have real talent—and the play is complete in itself and should not be tinkered with.

E. A. W., Vancouver, B. C., asks how Lord Beaconsfield pronounced his name. I never heard of anything but Beekons-field, but E. A. W. says that the Century Dictionary gives the name of the village as either this or Bekkonsfield, and upon consulting Mackey's "Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names" (Dodd, Mead), I find them both given. This inquirer says that she has stood for Bekkonsfield and that all resident Englishmen in her locality call it *Beekons* "and add crushingly that they ought to know!" It might make for amity if they both pronounced it Disraeli.

C. O. L., asks for a book in which the modern novel is compared with that of the nineteenth century.

THE method of E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace), is to consider novels of these periods simultaneously rather than consecutively—as forming each a part of the body of living literature. He quotes, for instance, at the same time from "Tristram Shandy" and from a novel by Virginia Woolf, from Samuel Richardson side by side with Henry James, from "Mr. Polly" and from "Great Expectations" in the same breath. This is worth, so far as I am concerned, a ton of more formal comparisons.



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WE don't often extract much enjoyment from writings under the very newest dispensation, but two things in that line have lately interested us. The first was brought to our attention by *Thayer Hobson* of William Morrow and Company. It is *Robert M. Coates's* "The Eater of Darkness," and was published in Paris by Contact Editions. It is actually quite funny, and a good deal of it is meant to be. We are not going into the plot of it. If you subscribe to *transition* (Well, we'll give them an ad: Shakespeare and Co., 12 rue de l'Odéon, Paris VI—fifty cents a throw) and turn back to their issue of last July, you will find the plot described by *Robert Sage*. One paragraph of Mr. Sage's estimate of the book, which does not give away the plot, we shall quote:

> Mr. Coates is not surrealistic or otherwise classifiable. He simply is an imaginative young man who, unlike most American writers, has noticed the obvious lack of a dictum requiring that literature be taken seriously. Chuckling, he makes the ridiculous more so, confounds popular romantic values by making his hero a murderer and his heroine a harlot, reduces to a definitive absurdity each element that composes the contemporary mob's mechanical aesthetics, burlesques good and bad writing with equal absence of malice. He scatters the mad narrative's threads with the gambolling industriousness of five thousand kittens let loose in the Gobelin *ateliers* and ties them climactically together as unscrupulously as any hack employed to manufacture Street & Smith paper-backed classics. In the end—not that it matters—it is evident that he has written an entirely coherent (and, of course, deliberately preposterous) story within a story.

The second item we wish to mention is a poem, "The Tunnel," by *Hart Crane*, in *T. S. Eliot's The Monthly Criterion* for November. A good many poems have been written about travelling underground, and a few about travelling under the river, in this Manhattan, but we give Crane best. His is a long poem, but one that makes a decided impression. Of course Crane has, ere this, been puffed and boomed almost *ad nauseam* by the *literati*. But here we perceive some reason for it. His poem is in no sense great, or, perhaps, even near-great, but it is his own and extremely interesting. . . .

From The Miramar, Santa Monica, California, *Wm. M. Wiley* sends us the following:

Americana, Mencken's pride,
Is a thorn in Babbitt's side;
The New Yorker strums its uke
At the Old Lady of Dubuque;
Life and Judge wisecrack about
Flappers, lizzies, hooch, and gout;
The Saturday Review of Lit
Pays out cash for Weakly Wit;
The Congressioal Record I like best,
It prints more jokes than all the rest.

Appleton announces that they have recently ordered the thirteenth printing of "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise," by the late *David Graham Phillips*. There's a sensation of an earlier day coming back with a vengeance!

We are asked by Macmillan if we know the world we live in. Modestly we murmur, "O not very well!" We are then informed that "The Romance of Reality" is a book we should get hold of. It is written by *Beverly L. Clarke*, said to be a skilled scientist. It "takes the universe to pieces for the layman." It explains "the most abstruse scientific theories in simple and often humorous terms." Well then, that's just the sort of guide, philosopher, and friend we have been looking for for a long time. Send it along! But send also a diagram of how to put the universe together again! . . . .

In the Spring when a young man's fancy —we mean in the Spring there'll be a book of the selected poems of *Shaemas O'Sheel*, "Jealous of Dead Leaves",—and a darn good title that is too! . . . .

Edgar Wallace, America's favorite mystery story writer—or one of them—is all the rage in London as a playwright now. And *Punch* has lately published a forecast of the London theatrical season of the near future in which Wallace fills every type of theatre with his own brain-children. . . .

That spurious *Cabell* "rare item" certainly got a great deal of publicity. If you ever see a copy of "Poor Jack—A Play in One Act", run and run. Or you may even have to pay one hundred and fifty iron men for it only to find out just how spurious it is. Mr. Cabell has been disavowing and redisavowing it. But the incident proved that his first editions and manuscripts are of prime importance to American collectors. Still, a rare copy of *Kipling's* "The Smith Administration," recently set the price record for a living author. There are only six copies of the edition in existence it is believed, and *Rosenbach* bought the one put up at the Anderson Galleries for a trifle like $14,000. A Keats letter which has never been published and which contained the first four stanzas of "To Sorrow," only brought $6,600. . . .

As mystery stories that will make you see the gray dawn seeping in rather than drop them, we can recommend "The Place Called Dagon," by *Herbert Gorman* and "No Other Tiger," by *A. E. W. Mason*.

In their so different ways each book has you panting on a leash. And Gorman has some passages memorable for the style of the writing in his. Then there's, "The Bellamy Trial",—but that we have not yet read. We understand, however, that *Frances Noyes Hart* has started a new mode in murder tales and holds the good detective-story fan breathless in a courtroom through the entire novel. . . .

A new publishing firm is that of *Sydney Dane*, at 66 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Dane says that he is interested primarily in the work being done in America by the younger writers. This firm is about to publish this winter two books, a book of poetry, "Quintillions," by *Robert Clairmont*, and "Somehow This Modernism—At Home", an anthology of prose and poetry, stressing the experimental. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

BOOKS for Christmas? Think fast, think fast! What will you give? . . . Here now is RASPUTIN, by Prince *Felix Youssoupoff* (illustrated, $5.00). Selling like hot cakes since publication. Most spectacular non-fiction book of the year. . . . And THE BULLFIGHTERS, by *Henry de Montherlant* ($2.50), a picture in magnificent colors of the soul of Spain. *Gerome Brush*, the American artist, did the jacket. . . . And *Edward H. Smith's* MYSTERIES OF THE MISSING (illustrated, $3.50), all about *Charley Ross* and *Ambrose Bierce* and *Dorothy Arnold* and *Pat Crowe* and others. Great stuff, and a handsome volume. . . . And how about *Farjeon's* latest, THE HOUSE OF DISAPPEARANCE ($2.00), or *Fletcher's* BARTENSTEIN MYSTERY ($1.75), or *Edgar Wallace's* MELODY OF DEATH? ($2.00) . . . We think few adventure writers can touch *Georges Surdez*. His DEMON CARAVAN ($2.00) is about the Foreign Legion Camel Corps in North Africa. A whale of a yarn! . . . And did you know *R. H. Mottram's* new book, OUR MR. DORMER ($2.50), is quite as good as his classic SPANISH FARM? ($2.50) . . . And that *George Shuster* of the *Commonweal* has been eulogized by *Father Duffy* and *Prof. Carlton Hayes* for his CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICA ($3.00)? This last is a mighty vital book just now. . . . Send for our catalogue and announcements, mailed free to any part of the world from 152 West 13th Street.

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Now that the new Ford is out we can all get back to reading again, and usher in the American Renaissance on a gear-shift basis.

To forget its editorial labors, *The Inner Sanctum* finally took its plunge into New York night life and actually went to a show—which one, is our secret—only to discover most of the audience reading SIDNEY S. LENZ on *Auction Bridge* in the theatre programs—and MERRYLE S. RUKEYSER, another *Inner Sanctum* author, on how to invest their bridge winnings, according to the sage counsel given in his new book *Financial Advice to A Young Man*.

If you are tired of the "inside" shop-talk about best-sellers in the word business, we're afraid you'll have to be excused from this week's lesson . . . But, thus far, it has been our experience that the reading public can't get nearly enough of it.

For a change, we shall refrain from quoting our old beacon-light, the BAKER AND TAYLOR list. Once a month the book-sellers themselves prepare a list of their own by sending in their confidential and impartial reports to *Publishers' Weekly*. In the list just announced 107 booksellers in 94 cities, representing every nook of the Republic, list the following as the ten best-sellers in the field of general literature.

1.	*Trader Horn*	541%
2.	*"We"*	456%
3.	*Napoleon*	379%
4.	*Mother India*	323%
5.	*What Can A Man Believe*	249%
6.	*The Story of Philosophy*	223%
7.	*Revolt in the Desert*	171%
8.	*The Glorious Adventure*	131%
9.	*Your Money's Worth*	97%
10.	*Transition*	97%

As a matter of hysterical record, *The Inner Sanctum* also points out that the top title on the fiction list, *Jalna*, has a score of 402%.

Trader Horn, however, is *not* the best-seller in such cities as:

Burlington, Vermont; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Sheboygan, Wisconsin; Knoxville, Tennessee; Salt Lake City, Utah.

WILL DURANT'S new mental autobiography, by the way, is making so much money for the book-sellers that the *Houston Dispatch* refers to it as *Transaction*.

—ESSANDESS

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Note and Comment

BARNET J. BEYER, Inc., of New York, has issued a catalogue which goes far toward establishing this house in the first rank as a discriminating purveyor of desirable books and autographs. A good many pieces are priced very reasonably; a Lewis Carroll manuscript at $17.50, Coleridge at $25, or Shelley at $67.50, show that even in these days one does not need a million in order to possess pleasurable literary treasures. Other things cost more; there is Frederick Locker's collection of letters from Kate Greenaway, with sketches, drawings, and water colors, matched by a group of original drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; a remarkable series of letters from Samuel Butler to his sister, from which three pages of extracts are printed; and William Butler Yeats's personal set of the Cuala and Dun Emer publications. It is interesting to note that this dealer holds Thoreau and Horace Walpole at just about the same rate.

The Alexander Kohut Memorial Collection of Judaica, which was presented to Yale by Rabbi Kohut's son in 1915, is described by Leon Nemoy in the leading article in the current issue of the Yale University *Library Gazette*. This library, supplemented by a very fine collection of Hebrew grammars and dictionaries, and all of the best of both old and new Yiddish *belles-lettres*, forms one of the distinguished sections of the Yale Library, and the article states that adequate space for its growth is provided in the plans for the Sterling Memorial Library building, upon which work is now in progress. There is gratifying evidence that bibliography is winning academic recognition, in a note which reports that twelve Yale graduate students have taken a course on that subject, and that twenty-three undergraduates registered in a course on the use of the library.

Anyone who knows collectors of books will understand why the subject of public benefactions seems pertinent to this column. It is doubly justified when the text is a publication from the Holybrook Press at the English Reading, which is likely to escape the notice of some people whom it might interest. It concerns a certain John Kendrick of that burgh, a wealthy clothier who died in 1624. His particular benefactions are of no especial significance overseas, but the account of them, and of the way they were mal-administered until the trusts were put in order some fifty years ago, show in the clearest way how deeply rooted in the American pre-natal national inheritance is the habit of making testamentary provision for the general good.

God save us all! The jig is up, and all good book collectors may as well abandon hope. Let them but breathe a hint of interest in any author or subject, and they are doomed to entry on a card labeled "Prospect" with the telltale data concerning fads and fancies, and such unlikely comments as "Pays promptly."

Nothing could be simpler. "Knowledge of stock obtained by reading and study is all important but it is not necessary," says our newest mentor. This is one of those dishonest quotations, cut off in the middle, but it is not much improved by the rest of the paragraph—"it is not necessary or possible to read completely every rare book. . . . When cataloguing, the bookseller should read the table of contents, the preface, and a few pages and try to determine the nature and chief selling point of an item as quickly as possible. . . . He should jot this information down on the catalogue card and also on the end paper of the book. He can now offer it for sale, e.g. as an Illinois or Mormon item, depending on his customers. With practice the whole process should not take over a minute or two." However, "the more rare and valuable the book the more time should be devoted to investigating it."

This last bit of wisdom is typical of the neat way in which M. H. Briggs, the author of an attractive treatise on "Buying and Selling Rare Books," proves that he is the veriest novice when it comes to matters of actual practice in the rare book trade. The rarer the book, the less time needs to be spent on looking up its "points," this being a technical term the author seems not to have met. The money is made by spending time on books that are not known to be rare, but for which the clever, or intelligent, bookseller creates a market by finding out all about them.

It is not a treatise safely to be recommended to a retail bookshop keeper, unless one wishes ill to his creditors. But a good many buyers of rare books are likely to find it entertaining reading. As a rule, collectors are a modest lot, well aware that they are being worked as suckers most of the time. Here is the proof, reënforced by precept upon precept. Scarcely, since Poor Richard's day, have more wise saws been packed into as many pages. For example: "A typewriter is not absolutely necessary;" "The bookseller should secure (but where?) the books wanted by his customers;" "To secure a stock of Americana it is only necessary to make known that you want it." This explains how Goodspeed got the material for his recent Americana catalogue, a problem that sorely puzzled more than one rival in the trade. But it should hearten these same rivals, for "Good" has been making his wants known since before most of them were out of short pants. The moral of this digression will be lost, however, unless attention is called to another fact that the author of this treatise does not mention, if he knows it, that the prize was landed, not because it was wanted, but because of a reputation built up by many years of upright dealing.

The text of the treatise is enlivened by occasional sample conversations which the shopkeeper is advised to hold with Mr. B. or Mr. H. or Mr. Y. These recall a true story, for which witnesses can be produced. It was on Park Street in Boston just two years ago. Two Harvard youths wandered into one of the three shops on that hillside, and asked the attendant (who sported a fraternity pin and the Phi Beta Kappa key) what he had for Press books. As he was puzzled, they explained: "What have you got of Merrymount or Kelmscott, or Riverside, or Riccardi?"

"No," said the clerk, decisively, "we do not carry those books. You will have to go somewhere else for pornographic literature."

The November number of the *Overland Monthly* is devoted to appreciations of *George Sterling* by *Edwin Markham, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Ina Coolbrith, Robinson Jeffers, Mary Austin, Witter Bynner, James Hopper* and others; and the December Number will again be devoted to tributes to the same poet from, among others, *Gertrude Atherton, Charmian London, Will Irwin, Hildegarde Flanner, Upton Sinclair*, and *Ines Irwin*.

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GENERAL

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